

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CVIII.

JANUARY, 1919.

No. 646.

"ROMAN AND UTOPIAN MORE."

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

He who bore
King's wrath, and watched the sacred poor,
O Roman and Utopian More!



ORE is not only one of the problems of literature but also of life. As M. Henri Brémond says of him: "At first sight he is entirely profane." Here is a pagan who kept his soul as an anchorite keeps his cell; a graceless satirist, to whom nothing was sacred, living a secret life of prayer and mortification possible only to a soul full of grace; a lawyer-politician with a hair shirt under his robes and chain of office; a Voltaire ready to go serenely to the lions! Doubtlessly there are some good men in parliament, God-fearing and honorable citizens; but can we imagine even the humblest secretary of state scourging his bleeding body in a silent room of Downing Street? Even if so wildly improbable a saint existed in public life, would he carry his heart with More's spirit of daring laughter? I fear that if such a man fasted, his press agency would see to it that the fact should be known. The trumpets would blow in the market-place—for the headlines declare the glory of the great,

¹ Charles Williams, *The Wars*.

Copyright, 1918. THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE
IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

the journalists show forth their handiwork! Even opening a church bazaar is useful (and used) for the gaining of publicity. Such piety is always portentously pompous.

More, however, hid faith under the cloak of good-fellowship, and his boon companions were not allowed to remark his austerity. The company who held their sides at his jests, could hardly suspect that the jester's heart was abiding quietly with God. The cap and bells covered the crown of thorns. Gayety goes so commonly with sanctity that it would be difficult to discover a saint without it. But the mockery of More is another matter and raises a stranger problem. Laughter, except among holy people, puts holiness at a discount, but the English wit covered up his piety, not only with hilarity (a disguise usually effective enough) but with railery, nay, almost with ribaldry.

It would be a psychological mistake so to analyze a man's character, as to separate his intellect from his emotions. If I point out the same paradox in More's intellectual as in his social life, I do so to show his unity. For the convenience of criticism, however, it might be as well to note that More seemed to be a man of divided intellectual allegiance. In his mind irreconcilables agreed. Of all the humanists, he was most human and most typical of his time. In him the Middle Ages and the Renaissance met and kissed each other. Great Latinist as he was, he wrote Greek better than Latin and thought in it better. The pagan poets and the Fathers of the Church shared the hospitality of his soul. He could turn from the reading of Lucretius to lecture in St. Lawrence Jewry on St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*. But his irony was so Greek in its spirit that he might have written Plato's sentence on a foolish disputant: "I saw then, but never before, Thrasymachus blush, after he had acknowledged that justice was virtue and wisdom, and injustice was ignorance and vice."

Ruthless critic of ecclesiastical abuse as More was, his satire was never so severe that he was not ready to recall it should scandal arise. When changing circumstances had made the reading of the humanists' writings dangerous, he could say: "In these days, in which men by their own default misconstrue and take harm out of the very Scripture of God, until men better amend, if any man would now translate *Moria* into English, or some other works either that I have myself written

on this, albeit there be none harm therein, folk yet being (as they be) given to take harm from that that is good, I would not only my darling's (Erasmus') books, but mine own also, help to burn them both with mine own hands, rather than folk should (though through their own fault) take any harm of them, seeing that I see them likely in these days so to do."

To the making of More many things—all admirable—contributed. From the strict, honorable, though somewhat parsimonious house of his father, Sir John More, the judge, he passed at the age of fourteen to the palace of Cardinal Morton, the Chancellor; and of this kindly, shrewd and humorous old man he has given us an affectionate picture in the *Utopia*. Morton was wise enough to see genius in the engaging boy, who at his entertainments knew how to make more impromptu merriment than the professional players, and delighting in his wit, was in the habit of prophesying to his guests that, "This child here waiting at the table, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvelous rare man." With such encouragement and patronage More went to Oxford, which he left two years later at the age of eighteen, a finished scholar and the friend of the greatest scholar of the day.

But not even early fame, or the notice of such a man as Erasmus, or the new heady wine of the Renaissance sufficed to take away from the brilliant youth a longing for the cloister. What the Carthusians failed to win, the Franciscans nearly succeeded in snatching, and it was not until More was twenty-four that he married, acting upon the advice of Colet, his confessor. The young lawyer, returned at about this time to Parliament, soon made his mark, and though he had incurred the displeasure of Henry VII., the succession to the throne of his son opened out the path of success for the feet of the saint. His public life is not the subject of this essay, so I will do no more than mention the fact that his ability as a lawyer and diplomat gained for him before he was fifty the summit of his worldly career, the office of Lord Chancellor. I am more concerned here with the man than with the politician; with the patient, pious, humorous saint and martyr; with the wit and the philosopher than with the diplomat whom Henry chose to pick his chestnuts out of the fire.

Throughout all these years of incessant and multifarious public concerns, More had been leading the humble and mor-

tified life of an ascetic. Though he was the father of a family and the ruler of a large household, he managed, by stealing time from the bed and table, to write his books. When we remember his engrossment in public affairs, the demands of the King upon his leisure, and his habits of prayer, it is miraculous that so much should have been written. It could only have been accomplished by a man of the most regular life and sweetest temper.

A wit is always in demand, and social intercourse with a king cannot be avoided—even in those rare cases where the wit desires to avoid it. More, who found that being excessively popular in the court had its drawback in the fact that he could never get home to his wife, moderated his gayety, in order to lessen the King's desire for his conversation. How this was done we do not know. It must have been a difficult and delicate piece of diplomacy that succeeded in gaining his release from the court without giving offence. Even a king less intelligent or less ardent for amusement or less imperious than Henry would have to be managed with very careful tact under similar circumstances. But More gained his end and spent quiet days in Chelsea. There the affable Henry would come, inviting himself to dinner. After walking in the garden with the King's arm round his neck—a mark of intimate royal friendship accorded only to himself—More was shrew enough to whisper in Roper's ear his estimate of the favor of princes: "I find his Grace my very good lord, indeed . . . howbeit, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for, if my head would win him a castle in France (for then there was war between us), it should not fail to go."

Not yet had the Grand Turk shown himself and the future Chancellor was still basking in the sun of Henry's geniality. But he held his honors with a loose hand, for riches and public distinction were never sought by him. Dearer was his quiet scholarly life amidst his family, enlivened by an occasional visit from Erasmus with its riotous evenings of jocular Latin conversation. Lady More must have felt rather uncomfortable in having to listen to the laughter which greeted jest and counter-jeat in a language she did not understand; but Margaret Roper and More's other children, having been brought up on the classics, must have enjoyed the conversation of the hilarious scholars. Poor Lady More! The worthy, worldly,

middle-aged, unimaginative woman was not quite the ideal wife for her husband. Yet of her, Erasmus, with whom she could hardly have had much in common, was able to say some words of rich praise, adding for the glory of More's considerate courtesy: "He loveth his old wife" (she was his second) "as well as if she were a young maid."

In this atmosphere, full of unpretending piety, and of decent domesticities, the *Utopia* was written. Of the difficulties in the way of its composition, the author speaks in the introductory letter to Peter Gilles, when he begs pardon for the delayed manuscript. This intriguing work has been largely misunderstood, because it is difficult to make sure how much of it may be taken as representing More's own opinions. Other Utopians, Plato or Swift, or Bellamy or Samuel Butler—with perhaps the exception of the last—made their point of propaganda quite clear and their meaning unmistakable. But More, in the typical chapter on Utopian religion, does not always leave the reader certain as to whether he is speaking of the *ante* or *pre* Christian Faith of the happy kingdom. Twice he warns the unwary against too hasty a conclusion: "For we have taken upon us," he says, "to show and declare their laws and ordinances, and not to defend them;" and again in conclusion: "As I cannot agree and consent to all things that he (Hathloday) said . . . so must I needs confess and grant that many things be in the Utopian weal-public, which in our cities I may rather wish for, than hope after." The *Utopia* is so often misunderstood, I imagine, because not one out of ten of its readers knows the *Dialogue of Comfort*. In that book the speculative and apparently skeptical turn of More's mind is balanced by his explicit faith and confidence in God. There, is the *Utopia* explained.

To me the amazing thing is the way in which the piercing modernism of More's political and economical criticism is controlled by the sobriety of his revolutionism. In the phrase about "sheep-eating men" with which he summed up the disaster of the change which had come over farming, when pasturage was substituted for tillage, and again in his condemnation of the rapacity of the rich and in his foreshadowing of collectivism, he was handling highly explosive stuff. But he would have men exercise moderation. "If you cannot even as you would remedy vices, which use and custom hath con-

firmed, yet for this cause you must not leave and forsake the commonwealth; you must not forsake the ship in a tempest, because you cannot rule and keep down the winds. . . . But you must with a crafty wile and a subtle brain study and endeavor yourself, as much as in you lieth, to handle the matter wittily and handsomely for the purpose, and that which you cannot turn to good, so to order that it may not be very bad."

To the *Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation* we must turn for the essential More. This, his last book, was written in the Tower during his imprisonment, and gains a tragic interest from that fact and because, during the latter part of the composition, a piece of charcoal had to serve for pen. The high courage and constancy of the man are evident upon every page of the book; and its humorous sagacity and the knowledge we have that, in it, the actual process of consolation may be seen at work in the author's own soul, make it one of the most priceless of all writings. This is almost the only treatise on consolation that really does console, for there is nothing academic about More's spirituality. A monk, who is one of the most famous preachers of the day, once assured me that if he had to be shipwrecked on a desert island with only one book, it should be the *Dialogue of Comfort*. And yet the volume is so neglected that a modern biographical dictionary of literature does not so much as mention it!

More was not a mystic, except in the secondary sense in which every Christian is a mystic. There are no raptures or visions in his experience; for though he belonged to the Middle Ages in his faith, his temperament had the classic rationalism of Greece. His devotion never soars very far from the earth, and had no extravagance or ecstasy. Acute, with the subtlety of the Renaissance, and sensible with the humorous common-sense of the English, his intellect bore the stamp of the law and feared imaginative flights. To this strong soul, consolation had to be reasonable, not emotional. He knew his danger to a hair's breadth and fought the legal battle for his head with all the forensic skill of the law-courts. He was under no illusion. The purpose of the King and the means of escape were as clear as daylight to his clear mind. True to himself he went to the scaffold with many jests, but the transports of other martyrs were foreign to his nature. He balanced the gaining of the world against his soul—and gave a lawyer's

verdict. The world, the flesh and the devil strove with their lonely antagonist and failed.

Three things stand out in the *Dialogue*. The first is the close Presence of God, and upon that More builds: "If you be part of His flock, and believe His promise, how can you be comfortless in any tribulation, when Christ and His Holy Spirit and with them their inseparable Father (if you put full trust and confidence in Them) be never neither one finger breadth of space, nor one minute of time from you?" Warring against this Presence are the treacheries of sin. It would not be easy to find a saint who has written more usefully upon the varied resources of the devil. His analysis of the sins of sloth and pusillanimity and scrupulosity and pride, show a man who has met and recognized them in his own experience. Of riches—and More had been a moderately rich man—he has a special fear: "Then were there, I ween, no place in no time since Christ's dayes hitherto, nor as I think in as long before that neither, nor never shall there hereafter, in which there could any man abide rich without the danger of eternal damnation, even for his riches alone, though he demeaned it never so well."

Above all, there shone from More during these last days the certainty of his apostolic Faith. The last word of a controversialist with the Lutherans was that, when differences of religious opinion arose, he would rather be on the side of the saints. Speaking of purgatory he says: "Though they (the Protestants) think there be none, yet since they deny not that all the corps of Christendom by so many hundred years have believed the contrary; and among them all, the old interpreters of Scripture from the Apostles' days down to our own time, of whom they deny not many for holy saints, that I dare not now believe these men against all those. These men must of their courtesy hold my poor fear excused, and I beseech our Lord heartily for them, that when they depart out of this wretched world, they find no purgatory at all, so God keep them from hell."

Adamant as was his own conviction on the subject of the oath of supremacy, Sir Thomas More never made the slightest attempt to persuade any other man to his own way of thinking. The title assumed by the King of "Supreme Head of the Anglican Church" had been qualified by the amending clause,

"So far as the law of Christ allows;" and many Catholics took what was then the defensible course of acknowledging it, when accompanied by the qualification. More would never say that they were wrong to do so, but his reason and conscience forbade him the compromise. He weighed the evidence, like the lawyer he was, and then went to his death for what seemed the trivial and pedantic point of a flaw in a title deed! Even when his judges sneered at him for having no wish to live, urging him to condemn the law outright, the prisoner would only add with proud humility: "I have not been a man of such holy living as I might be bold to offer myself to death, but God, for my presumption, might suffer me to fall." Martyrdom was not of his own seeking, and the legal skill More displayed in the battle he made for his life, would have gained him acquittal from any but such a foresworn tribunal. Not until his sentence was passed, did he break his reserve or explicitly declare his opinions.

With that relief to his soul, the saint's old gayety came back to him. To his judges, his wife, his children, even to his executioner he showed a manner oddly mixed of serenity and whimsicality. He went placidly to the scaffold, jesting all the way, and, having kissed the headsman, said the *Miserere* psalm and received the martyr's crown from the hands of his Redeemer. Twenty years previously he had described the death-bed traditions of the Utopians: "They think he shall not be welcome to God, which, when he is called, runneth not to Him gladly, but is drawn by force and sore against his will. They therefore that see this kind of death do abhor it, and them that so die they bury with sorrow and silence."

There is a strange consistency about this man. His complexity lay only in the subtlety of his intellect; his motive was always single. Without the impetus of romanticism or enthusiasm, his integrity remained steadfastly unshaken. Out of Holbein's canvas he looks at us, wearing his habitual ironic smile; at once the greatest and the most homely Englishman of his age; the satirist who is the plain man's saint.

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE RIGHT OF SELF GOVERNMENT.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



IN the last issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* we discussed the case of those communities which are in political transition, and about to obtain or establish a new government. Such are primitive peoples just emerging from the nomadic state, the American Colonies at the close of the Revolution, the Philippines at the end of Spanish rule, and present-day Russia. By confining our attention to such cases we have been able to consider the right of self government in itself, without reference to the claims of a ruler who has been for some time in actual possession. Let us take up now the more common case of a people that already has a government, but that wishes to set up a new constitution through the expulsion of the present ruler, or, at least, through a considerable curtailment of his powers. Does the right of the monarch cease, as soon as the people have definitely decided that they want a change? Obviously the question has no reference to those countries whose constitutions permit and authorize the people to make such changes in a regular and legal manner. What is involved is a transformation of the constitution itself by other than constitutional procedure.

For centuries the great majority of Catholic moralists have thought that when a *régime* degenerates into tyranny; when it is inflicting serious and long continued injury on the community; when, to quote St. Thomas Aquinas, it seeks the welfare of the tyrant rather than the welfare of the people, the latter have a right to defend themselves against this unlawful aggression, and, if necessary, to depose the tyrant. This right of resistance, of self-defence, includes the right to use physical force, to make an armed revolution, in certain conditions, namely, when legal and pacific means have proved ineffective; when there is a reasonable probability that the outcome will be satisfactory; and when the judgment concerning the tyranny of the government and the probability of suc-

cessful resistance is shared by the larger and better portion of the community.¹

However difficult these conditions may be of accurate application to a particular case, they are all obviously necessary to render reasonable an armed revolution. They are demanded by human welfare, by the welfare of the people themselves.

Suppose, however, that the people have no grievance that amounts to tyrannical oppression, and that they do not intend to oppose the existing government by force of arms. Suppose that they desire a republic because they know that this form of government is capable of giving them greater opportunities of self development and social progress. So far as the mere technique of government is concerned, and the maintenance of peace, order and security, the republic will, we assume, be only slightly more efficient than the monarchy; but it will promote the welfare of the masses to a greater degree, and will make the people more contented with their political institutions. In a word, the question is between a tolerably good government with which the people have become dissatisfied, and a better one with which they will be satisfied. And we assume, further, that the desire for a republic is shared by a substantial majority of the people, and has survived so many obstacles and disturbing circumstances, that it represents not a temporary whim but a profound determination. In these circumstances have the people a right to bid the monarch to depart, and to use the device of passive resistance to compel his acquiescence? To put it in other terms, has his moral right to rule come to an end?

Apparently Catholic moralists would answer these questions in the negative. Even when the grievances of the people are considerably greater than we are assuming, most Catholic writers seem to think that a sufficient remedy can be found in the device of passive resistance which is designed to correct but not to expel the reigning monarch. Even Suarez did not concede to the people the right to recall authority from the monarch arbitrarily. King James I. had raised, against the doctrine of Bellarmine, the objection that if the people in truth confer political authority upon the ruler, they may, at any time, withdraw it, if necessary, by armed rebellion.

¹ Cf. Cronin, *The Science of Ethics*, II., 542.

Suarez rejected this inference, asserting that when the people have once transferred the ruling power, they cannot licitly revoke it at will. If they have set up a hereditary monarchy, they are obliged to leave the ruling authority with the monarch and his heirs; and the succeeding generations are likewise bound by this original transfer and compact. In the opinion of Suarez, a political community is a moral person, continuing through an indefinite number of generations; consequently the acts of one generation bind all those that come afterward. Hence, a later generation can revoke the original grant of power only when the monarch violates some of the conditions expressly stated in the original compact, or when he has gravely abused his power to the serious injury of the people.²

This hypothesis, that all the generations of a people constitute one moral person, bound once for all by the action of the first generation in setting up a hereditary monarchy, is obviously a pure fiction. It has no basis in the nature of things. It can be defended on only two possible grounds: the welfare of the royal family, or the welfare of the people. Inasmuch as the members of the reigning house can find other ways of getting their living, their welfare is not necessarily bound up with the exercise of kingly power. Nor is political authority like private property, which the possessor has a natural right to transmit to his heirs. On the other hand, the existing generation is a better judge of the kind of government that will promote its welfare, than was the generation that originally made the grant of political power to the royal family. Therefore, the latter was incompetent to make the grant irrevocable.

Turning to later Catholic writers, we find their opinions on the right of the people to change the form of government or the ruling authorities partially stated in their discussion of a usurping ruler. They maintain that a person who has got possession of a government by force, does not forthwith become endowed with the moral authority to govern. This is obviously correct. Any other theory would make might the determinant of right. When, however, the rightful ruler cannot be restored, the public welfare will sooner or later demand that the rule of the usurper should be regarded as legitimate. It is not reasonable nor beneficial that a people should

² *Defensio Fidei Catholicæ*, III., III., 3, 4; also *De Legibus*, III., III. 7; IX., 4.

live indefinitely under a government that is without genuine authority. Now the general teaching of recent Catholic writers seems to be that the rule of the usurper cannot become morally legitimate before the end of two or three generations. After a period of that length, the new government will possess authority by the title of prescription; for time and circumstances have made it clear that the unjustly deposed monarch will never be able to recover his political power.

Cannot the usurping government be legitimized at any time by the consent of the people? The answer of these writers is a decided negative. According to Dr. Cronin, whose view may be taken as typical, "in the case of a monarchy or an aristocracy, the people are not the authority from whom consent is to be sought; and as long as the monarch or ruling aristocracy is in existence, it is on their authority and by their consent only that legitimation can be affected. During that period, too, the people are bound to refrain from giving their consent to the new *régime*, or doing anything that would *directly* help to consolidate the usurper's position." When, however, the fallen dynasty has shown itself utterly unable to recover its power, "we may regard the people, in default of anybody else, as a kind of residuary legatee of the dethroned monarch, with a right to choose the ruler."³

The people have no right to legitimize the government of the usurper, since ruling authority is not in their hands. It rests with the deposed monarch. Whence did he derive it? From his royal parents immediately; from the first person in the royal line ultimately. Whence did it come to the original king? It might have come from the people by election, from his position as patriarch, or from some other combination of facts and circumstances which rendered his exercise of political power reasonable. Whatever the particular title, source or justification of the authority exercised by the first person in a hereditary monarchy, the right to rule remains with the royal descendant until he has lost it through the long process of prescription. Until that process is completed, the authority does not lie with the people, and cannot be conferred by them upon by the usurper. Such is Dr. Cronin's argument.

It is not conclusive. Nor does the position against which it is directed depend, as he says, upon the assumption that the

³ *Op. cit.*, II., 533, 534.

only title of political authority is the consent of the people. We can concede that, in the case of a certain hereditary monarchy, the original king obtained his first authority without the consent of the people, because he was the only person in the community morally and intellectually fit to administer a government; and still we can, without any violation of logic, contend that the present generation has the moral right, in some circumstances, to turn against the deposed monarch and to make legitimate the government of the usurper. Why and when have the people this right? Because the supreme end of government and the fundamental justification of every title of authority is the public welfare; as soon as this comes to depend to a substantial degree upon popular acceptance of the usurper, his rule becomes morally legitimate.

Dr. Cronin himself says: "In the long run it is the welfare of the people that must be allowed to determine all such issues, and must decide all questions of right between the opposing governments." Now it is precisely this general principle that justifies the people in supporting, and authorizes them to legitimize, a usurping government *any time* after the preceding one has been deposed. History informs us that the attempt of a fallen monarch to regain power has not infrequently been regarded with studied and sullen enmity by the people, while the rule of the usurper has promptly obtained their deliberate adhesion and active coöperation. If the new government is at least as competent as the old, the attitude of the people becomes of itself the determining factor of their welfare. In these circumstances, the welfare of the people is bound up with their acceptance and consent; if given to the rule of the usurper, it makes that rule morally legitimate. Dr. Cronin's contention to the contrary is based on two assumptions, one of principle, the other of fact.

The first of these assumptions is that the political right of a hereditary royal house is closely akin to the right of private property. In common with the more recent Catholic writers, Dr. Cronin enlarges upon the ruling right of the deposed monarch in such terms as to convey the impression that his moral claim to the sceptre is about as strong as his claim to his house or his hat. The wrong done the ruler when he is deprived of his throne, is represented in such a way as to sug-

* *Op. cit.*, II, 526.

live indefinitely under a government that is without genuine authority. Now the general teaching of recent Catholic writers seems to be that the rule of the usurper cannot become morally legitimate before the end of two or three generations. After a period of that length, the new government will possess authority by the title of prescription; for time and circumstances have made it clear that the unjustly deposed monarch will never be able to recover his political power.

Cannot the usurping government be legitimized at any time by the consent of the people? The answer of these writers is a decided negative. According to Dr. Cronin, whose view may be taken as typical, "in the case of a monarchy or an aristocracy, the people are not the authority from whom consent is to be sought; and as long as the monarch or ruling aristocracy is in existence, it is on their authority and by their consent only that legitimation can be affected. During that period, too, the people are bound to refrain from giving their consent to the new *régime*, or doing anything that would *directly* help to consolidate the usurper's position." When, however, the fallen dynasty has shown itself utterly unable to recover its power, "we may regard the people, in default of anybody else, as a kind of residuary legatee of the dethroned monarch, with a right to choose the ruler."³

The people have no right to legitimize the government of the usurper, since ruling authority is not in their hands. It rests with the deposed monarch. Whence did he derive it? From his royal parents immediately; from the first person in the royal line ultimately. Whence did it come to the original king? It might have come from the people by election, from his position as patriarch, or from some other combination of facts and circumstances which rendered his exercise of political power reasonable. Whatever the particular title, source or justification of the authority exercised by the first person in a hereditary monarchy, the right to rule remains with the royal descendant until he has lost it through the long process of prescription. Until that process is completed, the authority does not lie with the people, and cannot be conferred by them upon by the usurper. Such is Dr. Cronin's argument.

It is not conclusive. Nor does the position against which it is directed depend, as he says, upon the assumption that the

³ *Op. cit.*, II., 533, 534.

only title of political authority is the consent of the people. We can concede that, in the case of a certain hereditary monarchy, the original king obtained his first authority without the consent of the people, because he was the only person in the community morally and intellectually fit to administer a government; and still we can, without any violation of logic, contend that the present generation has the moral right, in some circumstances, to turn against the deposed monarch and to make legitimate the government of the usurper. Why and when have the people this right? Because the supreme end of government and the fundamental justification of every title of authority is the public welfare; as soon as this comes to depend to a substantial degree upon popular acceptance of the usurper, his rule becomes morally legitimate.

Dr. Cronin himself says: "In the long run it is the welfare of the people that must be allowed to determine all such issues, and must decide all questions of right between the opposing governments." Now it is precisely this general principle that justifies the people in supporting, and authorizes them to legitimize, a usurping government *any time* after the preceding one has been deposed. History informs us that the attempt of a fallen monarch to regain power has not infrequently been regarded with studied and sullen enmity by the people, while the rule of the usurper has promptly obtained their deliberate adhesion and active coöperation. If the new government is at least as competent as the old, the attitude of the people becomes of itself the determining factor of their welfare. In these circumstances, the welfare of the people is bound up with their acceptance and consent; if given to the rule of the usurper, it makes that rule morally legitimate. Dr. Cronin's contention to the contrary is based on two assumptions, one of principle, the other of fact.

The first of these assumptions is that the political right of a hereditary royal house is closely akin to the right of private property. In common with the more recent Catholic writers, Dr. Cronin enlarges upon the ruling right of the deposed monarch in such terms as to convey the impression that his moral claim to the sceptre is about as strong as his claim to his house or his hat. The wrong done the ruler when he is deprived of his throne, is represented in such a way as to sug-

gest that it is only slightly, if at all, different from that which he suffers when he is robbed of his household furniture.

To whatever extent this assumption may be latent in the minds or arguments of the Catholic writers we are considering, the simple truth is that the governing authority of the monarch is in no sense proprietary. It is entirely fiduciary, conferred upon him not at all for his own benefit, but solely for the good of the community. When it ceases to promote the latter end, it may properly be transferred to someone else by any process that is reasonable, as the deliberate adhesion of the people to a usurping ruler who can provide at least as good a government as the one that has been overthrown.

The assumption of fact underlying Dr. Cronin's contention is that to concede the people the right of legitimizing the new government before the dethroned royal house has lost all hope of regaining power, would not really promote the public welfare. It is assumed that the people are constitutionally prone to sanction political changes without sufficient reason; that they are easily liable to be mistaken in their evaluation of the usurping government; and, therefore, that their consent to it would, in most cases, be given unwisely. In a word, the assumption is that this theory of the right of popular determination and choice, as between the new and the old governments, gives too much encouragement to the social forces that stir up and make unjustifiable revolutions.

The existence of this danger must be admitted by all students of political history. Whether it be so great and so pervading as to render unreasonable every immediately popular acceptance of a usurper's rule, is a question that men will answer differently. Those who look with an unfriendly eye upon the general theory of democracy, and who distrust the political capacity of the people, think that the history of revolutions furnishes sufficient reasons for denying to the people any such right or moral authority; those who believe in democracy, and who hold that moderately enlightened communities can be trusted with more political power than they have historically been permitted to exercise, see a smaller amount of social and political evil in those same revolutions, than in the governmental incompetence and injustice the people would suffer if they never exercised the claim to legitimize at will a competent but usurping *régime*. The Catholic

writers who take the former attitude, are greatly affected by the evil results that have followed popular insurrections from the time of the French Revolution. Those of us who cling to the opposite opinion, believe that we weigh these disturbances in a more accurate balance, and with a more just regard to the good that they have involved and sometimes concealed. We think that, in the long run, the people are likely to be quite as good judges of their welfare as any fallen king.

At any rate, we are supposing a case in which the public welfare actually will be furthered through an immediate popular recognition of the rule of the usurper. The assumption that, even in such a case, the people have no such legitimizing authority because they would sometimes abuse it, is, to say the least, not demonstrated. It is supported by no adequate basis of fact in the realm of either psychology or history. It has no more value than the assumption that no man has a right to function as king, because many monarchs have grossly abused their great power.

In passing, it is worthy of note that the theory which we are opposing was implicitly rejected by Pope Pius VII., in 1804, when he crowned Napoleon Bonaparte as Emperor of the French, during the lifetime of the brother and heir of Louis XVI. Evidently the Pontiff did not think it necessary to await the disappearance of the third generation of the legitimate house. Incidentally, Napoleon had previously obtained the formal adhesion of the French people.

To resume the argument of the last few pages: if the reasoning and assumptions of recent Catholic writers are insufficient to prove the moral incompetence of the people to legitimize the rule of a usurper, as soon as it is evidently more conducive to public welfare than that of the deposed monarch, we are undoubtedly free to hold that the people have such a right. Therefore, they have also the right to command an inefficient king to depart, and the right to replace his government by a republic or a constitutional monarchy.

Obviously the comparative inefficiency of the existing government and the probability of getting a better one, should be greater in the latter case than in the former. Stronger reasons are required to justify the expulsion of a monarch now in possession, than the rejection of one who has been already expelled, and who could regain his throne only by bloodshed.

But such reasons have existed and still exist. Suppose that the German army and people had refused to obey the mobilization order in 1914, and had made a practically unanimous demand upon the Kaiser to abdicate, in order that they might set up a republic or a truly representative constitutional monarchy. That action would have prevented this frightful war, and saved the whole world from the menace of Prussian militarism and autocracy. Suppose that every other people suffering from royal incompetency and lust of conquest, had acted in the same way. Is it not at least probable that the evils resulting from such popular enterprises, and the abuses of the principle underlying them, would have been less disastrous than those which have followed the failure to adopt this course?

The views of recent Catholic writers on the question before us are further deducible from their discussion of the right of the people to change the political constitution. They are probably well represented by the statements of Father Meyer. In his opinion, it is morally wrong to abrogate a constitution or to make a change in its essentials, unless the process have the consent of the ruler and of all the civil classes of the community. In support of this proposition, he advances the practical argument that the opposite principle would give free license to revolution, and the theoretical argument that every legitimately established constitution is based upon at least an implicit contract, formed by all the civil classes, and therefore terminable only by the consent of all.⁵

A sufficient reply to this contention will be found in a brief examination of its implications. If a constitution can be licitly changed in its essentials only when all civil classes of the community consent, an essential modification of a monarchical constitution in the direction of democracy has rarely, if ever, been morally right in the past and can rarely, if ever, be justified in the future. Such a change means a lessening of the authority of the king or of the aristocratic element. Now, it is one of the commonplaces of history and of human nature that no privileged governing class ever willingly surrenders any of its power. If Father Meyer is right, the British people did wrong a few years ago when, despite the protest of the House of Lords, they deprived that body of some of its most important constitutional authority.

⁵ *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, II., 434-436.

If Father Meyer is right, the majority in the German Reichstag would perpetrate an immoral act should they some day acquire sufficient courage to compel a modification in the German Constitution whereby the Chancellor would become responsible to the Reichstag, and the Bundersrath be shorn of its dominant power in the governmental system. These changes would bring the world much nearer to a just peace, and they would be one of the greatest guarantees of continued peace; but they would affect "essential" articles of the German Constitution, and they would not be willingly accepted by the Kaiser or the nobility or the dominant Prussian element. Therefore, they would be contrary to justice, according to Meyer's principle.

His practical argument in favor of the principle is, that unless a constitution be thus safeguarded against the popular will, "all stability of public institutions will be rendered impossible, and there will be a sort of permanent and legal right of revolution." This dire consequence does not logically follow. It is one thing to say that the people have a right sometimes to diminish to an essential degree the constitutional prerogatives of the monarch or the nobles, and another thing to assert that they may properly do so in a moment of popular passion, or without a grave reason. Obviously a change of this magnitude becomes reasonable only when it is required to promote the public welfare, or the rights of a particular class, and when the desire for it is deeply rooted in a substantial majority of the people. The curtailment of the power of the British House of Lords by popular vote in 1911, is an excellent illustration.

If the rejoinder be made that all nations do not display the restraint of the British, the obvious reply is that every political principle is liable to abuse. The problem is one of comparison of opposite dangers. If the people be conceded the right to change the constitution against the wishes of the royal and aristocratic elements, they may exercise the right too freely, with bad results to social peace and order; if they are denied the right, they will frequently be compelled to endure indefinitely a considerable measure of political hardship. Father Meyer sees vividly the evil consequences of the former situation. We take the liberty of suggesting that they are not as great as those that would follow from a rigid application of

his own principle. And we believe that this suggestion is supported by the verdict of history. The injuries wrought by governing classes secure from popular control, have been considerably greater than those resulting from inconsiderate popular curtailment of the authority of kings or nobles.

Meyer's theoretical argument in support of his position is, that every long-established constitution rests upon either an implicit or an explicit contract among the different classes of the country. Like the irrevocable grant of authority assumed by Suarez, the hypothesis of an implicit contract binding various political classes to make no essential change in the constitution except by general agreement, is a pure fiction. Neither from history nor from ethics can the assumption be verified. An explicit contract of this sort is very rare, as Meyer himself admits; and even it could reasonably be abrogated by the people of a succeeding generation in the interest of the public welfare. Why should a contract made by a generation now in the grave, be morally binding in a purely political situation?

When we contend that the people have a right to abolish or curtail the political powers of the nobility or the monarch, we assume that a determining majority of them have, for a long time, firmly believed that such a change would promote considerably the public welfare. Their attitude represents no mere ephemeral fancy or caprice. It is based upon a matured and settled conviction. As already noted, this attitude constitutes in itself a powerful obstacle to the effectiveness of the present government, and a considerable help to the success of a new government. And we have in mind a civilized people that possesses a moderate amount of political consciousness and political capacity.

It should also be kept in mind that we do not claim or concede the right to make a bloody revolution, in order to effect the desired change. The case that we are considering is not sufficiently critical to justify active and forcible resistance. The issue is not that of a good versus a tyrannical government, but of a better versus a poorer one. Therefore, we maintain that the people have merely the right to bid the relatively inefficient monarch to depart, and to enforce that demand by peaceful measures of passive resistance. To be sure, the possession of such a right by the people, implies an obligation on the part of the monarch to acquiesce and abdicate.

When we speak of the people, we mean an entire political community. They might constitute an independent sovereign State, such as Spain or Denmark; or a subject but historically distinct nation, such as Ireland or Poland. To either of these political situations, our theory is fairly applicable. But it does not fit a segment of a substantially unified nation or State. Such a division might be constituted on racial or religious lines, as the Orangemen of Northeast Ireland; or on geographical lines, as the States that seceded from our own political union more than half a century ago. Without traditions of national and political independence, these sections have not that need of a separate government which is deeply felt and tenaciously cherished by a historically complete nation. Moreover, they are not justified in considering the matter merely from the viewpoint of their own welfare. They are obliged to take into account the good of the country or nation of which they are an incomplete element. Secession and independence for them might cause irreparable injury to the dominant and determinant element of the nation. On the other hand, all their peculiar interests, whether of race, religion, or locality, could be amply protected and secured by an adequate measure of local autonomy. To this they have a moral right.

With these qualifications understood, we repeat now the proposition that we advanced a few pages back: the people have a right by peaceful methods to change the form and personnel of their government, specifically to curtail or abolish the powers of the monarch or the nobles, whenever they become cognizant of the fact that such action would considerably promote the public welfare.

Let us now apply briefly this proposition to some of the peoples and countries that are today asserting the right of "self-determination." The Belgians have a right to complete independence because they are capable of self government, because they would never be satisfied with German rule, and because there is not a shadow of reason for denying them the right. To contend that the safety or economic welfare of Germany required some degree of control over a part of Belgium, for example, Antwerp, is to make an assertion that is utterly groundless. All the reasonable agreements or facilities needed by Germany can be obtained from Belgium without any element of political control. One nation does not need to

dominate another politically in order to trade with it. Indeed, if Germany and some other nations of Europe had not pursued a policy of erecting trade barriers between themselves and their neighbors, the present war would, probably, never have been provoked.

Ireland is in substantially the same position as Belgium. The welfare of her people requires that she shall have at least a liberal measure of home rule; therefore, they have a moral right to at least this degree of self government. Have they a right to complete independence? Yes; if the determining and competent majority earnestly desire it, and believe that it is necessary for their welfare. There is no serious ground for the assertion that an independent Ireland would be a menace to the safety or welfare of England. Nor has the English domination of Ireland been rendered morally legitimate by the device of prescription. According to the principles defended throughout this article, the mere lapse of time does not legitimize a government against the deliberate will of a politically competent people; for such a rule is incapable of attaining the supreme and single end of government, namely, the public welfare. Therefore, the Irish people have a moral right to whichever form of autonomy they prefer, either Home Rule or absolute independence.

What is true of Belgium and Ireland is likewise true of Poland and Bohemia. Both these nations were for a long period of time self-governing, and both possess definite and tenacious traditions of political autonomy. Whatever measure of self government they want now, they have a moral right to obtain, since this is necessary for their welfare. Nor would the reasonable interests of their former political masters, Austria, Germany and Russia, be endangered by their complete independence.

May the same be said of the other racial groups within the kingdom of Austria-Hungary? The most important of these, and the one that is now the subject of most discussion, is the Jugo, or Southern, Slavs. It is clear that they have a right to that measure of local autonomy which is necessary for the protection of their social, economic, racial and linguistic interests. But they are now demanding complete political independence. Is this a reasonable demand?

Fifteen or twenty years ago, the majority of fair-minded

students of politics would probably have answered this question with a conditional negative. If Austria and Hungary concede to the Jugo-Slavs full local autonomy and full protection of all their racial, linguistic, and other peculiar interests, that is all that they can reasonably claim. On the one hand, all their genuine needs as a people will be satisfied; on the other hand, both their own welfare and the welfare of the Empire will be better promoted and safeguarded through such an arrangement than through complete political secession and independence. And it must not be forgotten that the interests of the Empire deserve some consideration. Such, we may confidently assume, would have been the answer of even democratically minded authorities.

Today, however, all is changed. The Jugo-Slavs will apparently not now be satisfied with the most generous measure of home rule under the crown of Austria-Hungary; the governments of Austria and Hungary cannot be trusted to deal either justly or generously with their subject peoples; and the Empire has forfeited its claim to be permitted to remain the great world-state that it was before it gave its practical adhesion to the Prussian doctrine of force in 1914. Neither mankind nor the constituent peoples of the Dual Kingdom would be benefited by the conservation on the old lines of either Austria or Hungary. Should the former be so reduced as to comprise only its Germanic element, and the latter so as to contain only Magyars, the outcome need not be regarded with apprehension. It would be saddening for those who worship the glory of a political name, but it would probably be a good thing for the Germano-Austrian and the Magyar peoples. After all, they, like the other racial elements in the Empire, are the main consideration. Therefore, we conclude that the Jugo-Slavs have a right to complete independence.

If the people of Alsace-Lorraine desire to be reinstated in the governmental system of France, they have a moral right to this arrangement. It would promote their welfare, and it would be very gratifying to the people of France. Suppose, however, that they desire to become independent of both France and Germany. Have they a right to the fulfillment of this desire? If this question were asked at the close of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, it would demand a negative answer, since independence at that time would have been unjusti-

fiable secession by an incomplete political element. The lapse of fifty years might, however, have so diminished the interests and claims of France, and so increased the political and social consciousness of the two provinces, as to render reasonable a demand for complete independence. The proposition seems to be at least debatable.

As a summary of this and the preceding article, we submit the following propositions: The official teaching of the Church is, that political government is a natural necessity for society; that the authority of the legitimate ruler comes from God, and that each of the three forms of government, the monarchic, the aristocratic, and the democratic, or any of the usual combinations of the three forms, is in itself morally lawful. According to the doctrine of Bellarmine and Suarez, which has in its favor more Catholic writers of authority than any other theory, political authority is derived directly from God by the people, and is by them transmitted, either explicitly or implicitly, to the ruler. But we have given reasons to show that the political rights of the people can be fully safeguarded by the theory that, instead of conferring authority upon the ruler, they merely designate him, and that the person so designated receives his authority directly from God. This right to choose their own form of government and ruler, is inherent in every people that has the capacity to provide for or maintain a fairly competent government.

As regards the right of a people to change the existing form of government, recent Catholic writers exaggerate the right of the actual or the recently deposed monarch. The reasonable conclusion seems to be that a politically competent people have the right to modify essentially their constitution and even, by passive resistance, to force a monarch to abdicate, when they are unwaveringly convinced that they can provide a better government, and when this conviction corresponds with the facts. The justification of this proposition is to be found in public welfare. Finally, the principles developed in our study indicate that substantially all the small nations of Europe are justified in their claims to "self-determination."

[THE END.]

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Letters from France of a Knight of Columbus Chaplain.

EDITED BY I. T. MARTIN.



IN the year seventeen hundred and eighty, when the struggling young American colonies were battling with the tyrannical George III., an expedition sailed from the shores of France. It came to America, by order of the King of France, to coöperate with the forces of General Washington. The expedition was headed by Lieutenant-General Vimeure Jean Baptiste Donatieu, Comte de Rochambeau, and its result is the United States of America. To the gallant sons of France who came to the rescue in that hour of peril, America owes her liberty.

On the fifth day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and eighteen, a convoy with thousands of American soldiers on board, crossed the seas, headed by a steamship named *Rochambeau*. Like its intrepid namesake, the ship put out to sea, the Stars and Stripes and the Tri-Color of France thrown to the winds. Thus blazing the way, the *Rochambeau* led the standard bearers of America to a safe port in French waters.

On board were men of many nations. Alpine heroes, returning from a triumphant tour of America, Polish soldiers, enlisted to wrest tyranny from its throne, Chinese interpreters, homesick but determined young Americans, and clergymen of almost every denomination. Among them was a Catholic priest, young in years but old in wisdom, who had volunteered to go over as a Knight of Columbus chaplain. As pastor of a church in a western college town, he had seen his boys called to the colors, one by one, until the stars on the service flag of the little Catholic church grew to be a great cluster. Then he decided to add one more star to that flag, and to lend one more effort to the cause—but we must let him tell his own story.

THE VOYAGE.

My cabin was on the promenade deck; my cabin mate, a Hebrew from Manila, on his way to France, in the interest of the Red Cross. Sauntering about the ship, I noticed a man with Irish blue eyes, wearing the uniform of France, calmly smoking his pipe as he looked out on the placid sea. I saluted him in his native tongue, and we soon came to a mutual understanding. The man was a Breton, which accounts for the Irish eyes, and to my intense surprise and delight, I learned that he was also a priest. But if I was happy in my discovery, I think that Father De Mar—fighting in the ranks of the far famed "Blue Devils"—was even more so. He told me of the long weary grind of three years in the trenches, of his life, his mission to America, his furlough, and now—back again for duty. He told his wonderful story with the cheerful optimism and matter of fact heroism so characteristic of the French soldier.

One day out from the Statue of Liberty, I erected my little altar, and invoked the Sacred Heart in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, to take the voyagers under His special protection. I did not forget the benign and calming influence of that great friend of the wanderer—Mary, Star of the Sea—and, as though by magic touch of heaven, the things that seemed so hard and irksome, became easy, and the clouds in the skies disappeared—broken by the sunshine into columns of blue and silver. Thus the *Rochambeau* sailed the wide sea without fear, for the Lord of sea and sky and land was with her.

The steamer was in mid-ocean on Sunday, July 14th, the day that commemorates the Fall of the Bastille. At seven that morning, Father De Mar—the "Blue Devil"—offered Mass on an upper deck, about sixty people receiving Holy Communion. Between the decks, later in the morning, with the blue sky as a canopy and the calm green sea as a background, I celebrated Mass, more than five hundred gathering to attend the service, and a hundred or more of the boys in khaki kneeling to receive the Bread of Life.

Time and space vanished under the magic spell and I was carried back to the land of roses. It was as though the little children of St. Mary's were on board, singing their Sunday morning song. Never before have I experienced so impressive a scene, and there were tears glistening in the eyes of everyone

in the congregation, kneeling that bright morning to adore their God and to bespeak His mercy and compassion.

A calm sea and clear weather prevailed throughout the voyage. Gloom did not rule. Alarms of submarine attacks failed to dampen the ardent spirits whose mission filled them with a fervor for France and Liberty, aptly symbolized by a journey begun on the day after our Independence Day, and ended soon after the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastile.

FIRST DAYS IN FRANCE.

The steamer *Rochambeau* landed in Bordeaux, historic old city of France, Tuesday evening at night-fall. The quiet old city is full of new life—modernized owing to the influx of our countrymen. Entering the harbor, the imprint of American enterprise and efficiency is everywhere in evidence. The French are the most courteous of people and seem to vie with one another in lavishing kindness upon the Americans.

On our way to Paris—between the two cities—we saw some of the most fertile country of France. The hand of war has not touched it, nor marred its beauty. It is the old chateau country of the long ago, and it still retains the beauty of architecture that has survived since feudal days.

We passed through Poitiers, ancient see of France, which witnessed the beautiful life and sad death of St. Martin; through Orleans, once triumphantly delivered by Joan, Maid of Domrémy, the saviour of France. And then Paris! Who shall describe it? Mightier pens than mine have failed to do justice to the beauty of this great heart that throbs in the breast of France. The night of my arrival, aëroplanes made a raid on the city. The bells sounded the alarm, but the raid was of short duration. I looked upon it in the nature of a reception, and was not in the least alarmed. There are places of shelter on the streets of Paris—subways and cellars—which serve as places of safety on such occasions, but since that first night I have not found it necessary to use them.

The evening after I reached Paris found me working in a near-by hospital. After giving spiritual consolation to the wounded, I went into the bathroom and remained there until seven-thirty the next morning—bathing the boys and helping as best I could to alleviate their sufferings.

The heroism, courage and grit of our American boys is

wonderful. There are no soldiers in the whole world so brave, so fearless, so manly. I have bathed their wounds, lit their cigarettes and arranged their pillows, and in return it was always a smile of thanks or a merry quip from the youthful soldier. An army with men of such morale and courage, such genuine fortitude, can never taste defeat. God will surely reward their sacrifices with victory. We are driving ahead and soon the world will ring with the praises of the American soldiers. To-day I talked with a Frenchman whom I met on a street-car, and he could discuss nothing else but the brave Americans.

"The soldiers of the United States are wonderful," said he, and such is the general opinion of our gallant boys, from the gates of Paris to the sunny south-lands. They know no fear, and suffering and death have no terrors for them. I have met boys from every State in the Union, except dear old Oregon, but in a short time I expect to run into the lads from the Golden West.

The work of the Knights of Columbus is only just beginning, but it is appreciated to the full, for theirs is a work of charity and love, without a price tag. The Knights seek only the comfort of the boys and the reward which God has promised to those who help freely. No personal aggrandizement looms up in the limelight, no material profit is looked for, and, thank God, everyone in France knows it. France loves the Knights of Columbus, America is proud of them, and the boys—well, to note the smile of joy when they behold the old familiar emblem, is to know that gratitude will be indelibly stamped upon their hearts long years after the memories of the World War and its tragedies shall have faded away. To see the Knights at work—professional men and men from every walk of life—helping wherever they are most needed, and then to realize that they are animated only with the love of God and their fellow-man, is a sight never to be forgotten.

Last night I had a long talk with a New Yorker who had been a fellow passenger on the *Rochambeau*. He had been up the line where the big guns are booming, and life has taken on a new coloring. He has decided to join the Knights of Columbus unit, and is happy to be able to lend his services to his country as a Knight of Columbus worker. His valet, a native-born Frenchman, emulating his master, also volunteers as an interpreter for the organization.

Paris is filled to overflowing with victims of the enemy guns. In the hotel where I am staying, there is a Frenchman, a charming young fellow, temporarily abiding there while his family is out of town. The youth lost a leg last Good Friday, when the church in which he was making the Stations of the Cross was shelled. This is one of the tragedies met with almost constantly here.

It is Sunday morning in Paris and there is an air of quiet and peace in this beautiful city, in strange contrast with the surroundings. The church bells are ringing, calling the faithful to Mass, and the crowds, clad in the sombre garments that bespeak the silent sorrow of the heart, are hastening to the altar. I have just returned from the Madeleine, where I offered Mass, and I shall never be able to express the thoughts that came surging through my heart, as I entered the vestibule and beheld the beauty and grace of this majestic monument to our Divine King. There are other churches more beautiful, but this is the first one I have been privileged to enter in the city of Paris.

Paris, peaceful in the bright sunshine of the semi-tropics! How difficult it is to realize that out on the front, the boys from home are smashing and whacking their way, driving the Germans towards Berlin. Brave, historic Paris, that in days gone by has borne the burden and the heat of the conflict without a quiver, and that now, despite the booming of distant guns, stands undismayed and wears its wonted aspect of calm reserve and masked power!

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

This Sunday morning, I went to the Church of the Sacred Heart, builded on a hilltop, overlooking the city of Paris. It was a beautiful morning, the sun shining and the air-pure and clear. The landmarks of Paris, old and new, unfolded themselves like the pictures on the screen of a moving-picture. The hill on which the church is built is called Montmartre—Mountain of Martyrs—because St. Denis, who brought the gift of faith to the Gauls, was beheaded there. The crypt underneath marks his place of execution. A stained-glass window represents St. Denis holding his own head in his hands, while on his shoulders rests the head of our Blessed Saviour.

Before the light of Christianity struck the hilltop and

made it golden in the light of faith, it was called Mont de Mars—Mountain of Mars—because Mars and Mercury, the pagan gods, had their temples there. It was here, too, that St. Ignatius of Loyola and his companions presented themselves at the doors of the sanctuary, while one of their number—Father Le Fèvre—offered Mass in the little crypt. Then the little band received Holy Communion from his hands, pronounced their first vows and so laid the foundation of that great religious organization—the Society of Jesus.

Today, for me, is like all other days, a round of duty and love which I am glad to be able to perform for those I love. I never knew of the innate bravery, self-sacrifice and strength of our boys, until I learned to know them here in the danger zone. This morning I met a boy from Portland, the first Oregon boy I have met since I came to France. He was in the hospital, poor fellow, and how his face lighted up when he discovered that I came from his State. He asked me how I left the dear old town by the Columbia River; if the orchards were as white as ever in the springtime, and the fields as green along the Willamette. I thought of the old song: "Gee, but it's good to meet a pal from your old home town," and if my work meant no more than the little bit of sunshine that I brought to this boy's heart, I would feel amply repaid.

Yesterday I spent in a hospital, where I heard confessions all the afternoon, and wrote letters for the boys. Among others, I heard the first confession of a little boy, a slender lad of sixteen, with blond, curly locks and a wistful smile that went straight to the heart. I shall always think of him as "Little Boy Blue"—torn away from his toys and the trappings of childhood. The little fellow had been baptized when a baby, but had never been a practical Catholic. I heard his confession and gave him Holy Communion. The lad has been shot through the back and stomach, shrapneled in his right arm and leg, and he hasn't much of a chance. But he is so brave, poor "Little Boy Blue," that with the calm quizzical smile of a seasoned warrior, he tells you that he is "only slightly wounded," and will soon be able to return to the ranks! Such wonderful optimism and good cheer, under adverse circumstances, I have never before witnessed. They are all like "Little Boy Blue," suffering with a smile! The Germans are paying dearly and now recognize the metal of our boys. We are

driving them back, and, no doubt, ere this reaches you, you shall have heard of our great successes at Chateau-Thierry and Soissons.

Besides ministering to the spiritual needs of the boys, I am a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and have even, on occasion, donned the barber's apron and gone at the work in true barber fashion, not omitting the steady flow of conversation! The boys declare that I am a number one barber, and have promised to set me up in business, after the War is over, in a one-chair shop of my own!

Tomorrow I go to a town far away from the scene of battle, where there are a number of camps and a hospital, but where there has never been a chaplain.

THE FIRST CRUSADERS.

Eight hundred years ago, two hundred and thirty-nine bishops, several thousand leaders of men, and men at arms, assembled at Clermont, France, and were joined by a vast concourse of people from all over Christendom, in answer to the call of Urban II., a son of France, at that time the reigning Pope. In the sixteenth session of this council, Urban having heard from the lips of a pious hermit the recital of the misfortunes that had come to Jerusalem at the hands of the Mussulmans, addressed the immense assembly that surrounded his throne. He recalled the exploits of Charles Martel and Charlemagne and exhorted the people not to be content with defending their country, but to go forth to the Orient, kill the wild beast in his lair and avenge the glory and honor of Christ, outraged in the profanation of His holy places.

"It is Jesus Christ Who calls you to His defence," said Urban II. "Let not ties of home keep you at your fireside. Remember the words of your Saviour: 'He who loves father or mother, brother or sister, or earthly goods or possessions more than Me, is not worthy of Me.'"

Never was human response given like to that which leaped forth from the crowd at Clermont that day. "God wills it," they cried, and all Europe heard the echo of that cry. The continent was lighted up by the holy fire of that enthusiasm, and the great movement of the Crusades was born.

Today something similar has taken place. The Mussulman from the North, descendants of the vandal, are making

war on the ideals of modern civilization and are desecrating the hearths and homes of civilized people, wrecking at once the altars of their homes and the altars of their God. The cry of Joan of Arc rings out to the four winds of heaven, even to the shores of far-away America, and has awakened a ready response in the hearts of the people. They have come from afar—brave lads from the United States—severing home ties and hearth ties, like the Crusaders of old, ready to defend their high ideals with their blood.

It is rather a strange coincidence that I should be the first Knight of Columbus to come to this city in an official capacity, to the place where the knights of old, worthy Crusaders of other days, had their beginning.

This is a land of wonderful churches. Everywhere they dot the towns and villages and even the little hamlets. Today I was present at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which dates back to the fourteenth century. Mass was offered up for the success of the Allied arms, and a priest, one of the faculty of an old college near by, sang *O Salutaris Hostia*. His beautiful voice filled the hymn of adoration and love with so much pathos, that all eyes were wet with tears at its conclusion.

Everything speaks of God up here in the hills, the spires of the churches reaching up to the ethereal blue until they appear to touch the skies. It is all like a dream to me, and yet there are moments of stern reality, when the roseate hues of dreamland vanish completely and one sees only the other side of the silver lined cloud. But one cannot see the beautiful fields smiling in the summer sun, the luxuriant harvest fields, the vines and the orchards, without thinking thoughts that are full of joy, and thanking again and again the good God.

Yesterday as I came through on the train, I passed a number of our boys, seated on a platform, singing the songs of their native land. With France as their sentry and her beautiful southern sky as their audience, the boys sang "Annie Laurie," and "Auld Lang Syne," while away back from the rear of the platform, came the old plantation melodies—"Old Folks at Home," and "Old Black Joe."

Keep the home fires burning, while your hearts are yearning,

Though your lads are far away, they dream of home.

There's a silver lining, through the dark cloud shining,

Turn the dark cloud inside out, till the boys come home.

Soldiers—longing for home! I well understood the pathos that lay behind the words, and the waves of tenderness that surged within their hearts as they sang in a make-believe, care-free manner. It is not the shells or the fire of the enemy that cause the keenest agony, but the severing of home ties and the absence of the old familiar faces.

THE OLD COLLEGE.

Tonight at ten o'clock, I am sitting by the light of a sputtering candle in an old college in one of the quaint sections of Clermont-Ferrand.

This old dip has strange ideas and persists in making eerie shadows on walls and ceilings, and painting ghostly shadows on tables and chairs, and the old building itself dates back, God knows how long. The city is steeped in ancient history, and buildings that we call old would be very modern here. This old college has five hundred pupils during the school year, but now they are on vacation, and at the kind invitation of the superior I moved in here, finding it preferable to the average French hotel.

I know you would never close an eye were you domiciled here for a night, for it is a veritable haunted house. There are long corridors winding in and out, and doors that lead to the land of nowhere. Stone stairways galore and circular stairways that keep on circling to seemingly endless heights, are everywhere in evidence. I have not yet come to the end of half of them.

Yet withal, the place has its advantages. Down below, one flight, is our Changeless Friend and He has only a tiny red light to dispel the gloom, while I have a large candle.

I am beginning to manage the French a little better, and I have lots of fun with the French children. They take kindly to the Americans and come to them demanding chewing gum and other trifles, in perfect English. I have no difficulty in making the children understand, and I believe it is because we both look at things in the same light, while with the grown-ups I have all sorts of linguistic difficulties.

I have been busy every minute of the day, but I can look back upon a good day's work. Starting things has always been hard for me, but today I systematized a lot of work and, with God's help, with great results. I told you I was the first Knight

of Columbus to start the work in this part of the world, and when the boys see me their eyes light up with joy. Most of them have never seen a Knight of Columbus, much less a chaplain, since they have been over here. The insignia of the Order means everything to the boys, for they know that it stands for square dealing, charity and generosity without a string.

I visited a beautiful place today, a hospital in the heart of the hills. It used to be a pleasure resort in the good old days when the world enjoyed the blessings of peace, but now all the pretty hotels bear the sign of the Red Cross and have become institutions of mercy and love. I also visited a large aviation camp and saw the bird-men soar into the clouds. Could I have heard the sweet song of the Irish skylark, the allusion would be perfect. In this and the neighboring town I visited today, there are churches standing, in good repair and in active use, though they date back to the eleventh century! There are two such churches to be precise—one here and the other in the neighboring city.

The front of the hotel in which I had been staying in Paris, was blown out by "Big Bertha," the German long-distance gun, two weeks before my arrival in the city. The same blast partially destroyed a statue on the outside wall of the Church of the Madeleine. The beautiful windows have been removed from Notre Dame, to a place of safety, but I think the activities of "Big Bertha" are at an end as far as Paris is concerned, for she had to go with her bosses when they beat a long retreat at Soissons-Thierry.

I often long for butter, of which I am very fond and which I have not eaten since mid-day on the fifth of July. I would like a cup of coffee, too, United States manufacture, and I would like to see what milk or white bread looks like. These are some of the little inconveniences that come to me, but what are these to the sacrifices that the boys are making who bear the American standard through No Man's Land, towards the gates of Berlin. Surely and certainly, with the certainty of death, we will pursue them. The Kaiser and his satellites no longer laugh at our "puny army of untrained men." When they remember Chateau-Thierry and Soissons, the smile becomes a look of frozen horror and fear. So well it may, for the boys have determined that when they again look upon the

Statue of Liberty, the House of Hohenzollern shall be no more.

Next week I expect to be going far afield, and very soon will be donning the gas mask and other like accoutrements. But it is all in the work of the day, and whatever is, is best. It is a long grind, but right must eventually overcome might.

THE WOODS OF THE MARINES.

Tonight there was a boxing tournament at the arena. There were American, French and English soldiers, all making merry for a little while. During the interval, we saluted the Stars and Stripes and the Tri-Color of the French Republic. There were several good bouts, and one Knight of Columbus secretary acted as referee, while another presided at the piano. Four French and one American General were present, and tiers upon tiers, up to the very roof, were lined with the boys from New York, Chicago, Portland and San Francisco. How the boys did whistle and sing the airs of the dear land they love so well! Cares were cast aside and they were just boys—fresh from school, with the prospect of a long vacation ahead. Grim, fighting men were they, courageous to the very core, but with the hearts of children and the eager faces of youth.

It is a privilege to write in ink once more, and I am indebted for this fountain pen to a patient here in the hospital. I met him only a few days ago, but he is probably the most interesting man in the hospital. As a journalist of note, he has pitched his tent at various times in the far places of the world, and the story of his life would make interesting reading. He comes of a good family and has had the advantages of education, environment and everything that makes life a joy, and tonight he is a private in the ranks of America's great army.

I think this is the most wonderful thing I have experienced, the democracy of our army. Every man is on the same level, and Tom Jones, the banker, is perfectly willing to take orders from Lieutenant Smith, who probably drove the milk wagon in his home town. It takes nerve and grit and self-discipline and, above all, self-sacrifice, to make such a condition possible, of course.

Sunday afternoon I visited the old Cathedral at Clermont-Ferrand. It is of mediæval architecture, bordering on Gothic, and strange faces and gargoyles peer out from the heart of the

stone. Dim, shadowy aisles lead to the main altar, and high above is the arched ceiling, inlaid with carvings and decorated with many paintings. So high is the ceiling that one feels like a tiny speck on the landscape, in comparison.

Back of the altar is a magnificent stained-glass window, and as I knelt in this sacred place, where even the low murmurings of the street were hushed, a shaft of sunlight poured in through the petals of stained-glass, coloring church and statues and pillars, making them glow like living things.

At this particular moment the priest was opening the door of the Tabernacle in preparation for Benediction, and as he raised the ostensorium into position the wandering shaft caught him up in its rosy tide of color. His vestments threw back the colored sunlight in a spray of red and gold and crimson, which, in turn, were reflected from the golden home, set in pearls, where Jesus is watching. It was a moment I shall not easily forget, but soon the sun brought another petal, and the cool shadows of twilight again enveloped the throne of the Most High. In a far-away place there seemed to be a sound of distant music that throbbed and trembled, now with a note of triumph and again as if the sorrow of crushed hearts were concentrated in the breathing of a mighty organ. Sad, pale-faced women, garbed in black, occupied most of the chairs in the church, while here and there, throughout the edifice, were the khaki uniformed boys from home, kneeling in prayer.

Before the altar of the Sacred Heart are banks upon banks of photos, pictures of sons, fathers, brothers and sweethearts who are out somewhere in No Man's Land. It has all a religious meaning, a consecration, as it were, of the lives they cherish, to the great Heart of love that consoles and pities. For four years the photos have been piling up, until now they number many thousands. Kneeling before the altar and scanning the silent faces on the photos, I wondered how many were silent forever.

My mind continued traveling along these lines until I saw the vision of Soissons, Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Woods, with its thick line of graves that mark the resting place of the men that knew not fear: Belleau Woods, which the boys pass with bared heads, as a loving tribute to the Marines who lie at rest in its leafy shadows, with the requiem of the winds playing over their lonely graves.

Oh, Belleau Woods, mothers' eyes are strained towards you during the still watches of the night, and mothers' tears are falling in silent accompaniment to the music of your rustling leaves. They are no longer called Belleau Woods, but are spoken of reverently as the "Woods of the Marines." The names of its heroes will be emblazoned forever on the honor roll of America as the greatest army of true soldiers that ever carried the colors of the United States of America!

Last night I spent with some of the boys that came here from the Sixty-ninth of the Rainbow Division. I would not care to wear a German uniform across the lines from that grand old Irish brigade. They are wonderful, and if I could tell you the story of their pluck and their loyalty to comrades, I would have you telling the wide world how proud you are that you came from that fine old fighting race. It is always a smile, and never a tear, with the Sixty-ninth, even when their lips are drawn with pain.

MODERN WARFARE.

This is the fifteenth of August, the Feast of the Assumption. The French have a great veneration for this day and here in Clermont and Royat, the order of the day is songs, speeches, flowers and band concerts. The day is hot—the hottest since I came to France—though it is usually cool here in the mountains.

This morning I offered Mass for the boys in the little Church of the Sacred Heart, and there were six other Masses there, so you see how well are they provided for here in the army. I saw more French receive Holy Communion today than I have seen at the altar since I came to this country.

The boys tell me that they have prayed more on the western front than they ever prayed before in all their lives, and that this is also true even of the boys that never professed religion at home. Several instances are on record of Protestant boys seeking absolution in their hour of dire need, and seeking also to make confession of their whole lives to the Catholic chaplain.

Of course, you have been following the list of casualties and know that we have lost many men. Walking through the wards of the hospital, one breathes in the horrible deviltry of war. But if we had losses, be sure that the Germans had

theirs. The fifteenth of July, I think, was the great turning point of the War, for what looked that morning like a great German drive to the gates of Paris, turned out to be an overwhelming defeat. By nightfall the Germans were fifty miles away from their objective point, going north to the tune of the guns of our American troops.

I was in Paris that night, and I saw more of the War in one hospital than I could see had I been on the actual battle lines. You have no doubt read of the effects of mustard gas and the other inventions brought out by this Great War. But reading and seeing are entirely different matters. There never before has been warfare like this, and wounds of such nature and magnitude have never been inflicted in the previous wars of all history.

Take mustard gas as an example. A man—usually a mere boy—is charging across No Man's Land. He is hot with the heat of exertion and excitement, and the perspiration is standing out in beads over his entire body. Suddenly, there is a noise similar to the pop of the cork in a champagne bottle, and all around him deadly columns of insidious mustard gas begin to gather. He feels nothing just then, because his gas mask is properly adjusted and none of the gas reaches his lungs. But when the heat of the conflict has passed, that boy is one mass of burn from head to foot, and where the body is moist, the burn is deepest.

I have seen many cases of shell shock, very strange manifestations of disordered nerves, machine gun and shrapnel wounds, and everywhere examples of heroism beyond my power to describe. The other day I attended a lad of nineteen, without legs or arms, thanking God that he was not killed, thankful that it was not worse! Patient, uncomplaining, optimistic American boys, longing for a glimpse of home. Ten months in the trenches—what a world of sacrifice!

The heroism of the Catholic chaplains, too, is wonderful. Father Brady, Father De Valles, Father Boucher—all over the top with the boys—over and over again—the admired and beloved of the entire American army!

THE BIRD-MAN.

Last night I heard confessions at the aviation camp, and the day's work was at an end about eight o'clock. The light of

day was beginning to wane, and the twilight shadows were creeping silently over the crest of Puy-de-Dôme when I secured the privilege—a concession granted to very few—of going up into the blue sky of Clermont-Ferrand. The twilight shadows were deepening when I stepped into the observation cage of the army *aéroplane*—a great big bird with wings that looked like molten gold in the light of the departing sun.

I always longed to be a bird-man. I used to read with keen pleasure the story of their exploits in the clouds, and now I was being wafted afar from the haunts of man, up to the heavens, where the handiwork of God is unprofaned and there are neither tears nor murky shadows. How shall I describe my sensations as I stood within my bird of passage and patted her smooth shining body? She looked like a great silver eagle, with her steady wings poised, though never a song did she sing. Suddenly there is a stir in the silver plumage and the big throat of my bird began to sing in deep, metallic chords, emphasized by the deep purring of a mighty organ. Raising her pinions, her shining tail uplifted, she runs along the ground as though frightened by the report of a hunter's rifle. Faster and faster she glides, as though eager to reach her nest, when lo! tired of the slow movement of earth she unfolds her wings and sails into the empyreal blue. For a moment I lost my identity. I was a man of vibration and became an integral part of my bird. A quick awakening and I saw myself, a helpless biped, without wings, seated in the heart of a bird, seeing with the eyes of a man, traveling with the wings of a bird, observing with the powers of human observation, and enjoying it all with the heart and soul of an intellectual being.

What did I behold? Below, laid out in perfect lines and colors were the homes and gardens of Mont Ferrand. Everything seemed to be planned with perfect symmetry, and the world above seemed to be even more beautiful. I was looking down on a part of the world which is a beautiful garden, where flowers and trees were blended together as only the great Artist can blend them. The sounds of earth were silenced, and there was only the purring music of my bird. The caress of the wind was tinged with ice, but there was a thrill in its breath as it blew across the purple mountain range of which old Puy-de-Dôme is king.

When nine hundred metres above the earth we turned in

our course and floated over what seemed to be a phantom city. It was old Clermont-Ferrand, birthplace of the Crusaders, the great link in the chain that binds the France of today to the distant past, going to sleep in the twilight shadows. There were few lights to be seen, the outstanding points being the Cathedral and the Church of Notre Dame that dates back to the tenth century. How different everything looks from above, even to the eye of man. The lamps of God were brightly shining and a semi-darkness was enveloping the earth. The pale moon rode majestically in her carriage, with its lining of silk of the deepest blue. The bird sang on, caring naught for sunlight or moonlight, desiring only the thrill of flight, the rush of the air, and the freedom of the great unmapped spaces that lie close to the clouds.

But even birds grow tired, and soon the wings began to droop ever so little, and the great body of the silver eagle glided slowly back to earth. The bird no longer whistled with the same fervor, as slowly but surely she glided back to her nest. You have seen the skylark descend to her meadow home, where her little ones await her coming. She comes down gradually, lands gently and runs her head under cover until she is safe at home. Thus did my bird descend, and touching the ground lightly, she raced across the field to her home. I bade her good-night and returned to the lights and shadows of earth, with a feeling of loneliness akin to pain.

We had been in the clouds only twenty-five minutes, but had seen so many wonderful things, that, in retrospect, it looked like a long, long time. We had traveled over fifty miles together, and now the tie broken by the touch of earth, the great silver bird and I parted, probably forever!

Good-bye strong bird, eagle of liberty, your flight will soon be over. You will not need long to keep eternal vigil to protect the nest of your little ones, but your flights will be in the cooling shadows of evening, undisturbed by the fear of the unrelenting hunter, unbroken by the raucous barrage of the black monsters of the north lands.

I went my solitary way, back to Royat, with the vision of my trip to the fleecy clouds lulling me to sleep. The hour is growing late. The strains of music from the park, where the band is playing, are growing fainter and fainter, and taps are sounding within the walls of our little city, so I will say good-

night and God bless and keep you and mother and all our friends.

THE LETTERS FROM HOME.

Last night I was made happy by the receipt of your most welcome letters. It seems a long stretch between letters from home, but once they begin to come they usually continue to be delivered at regular intervals. The mail reaches this place about four o'clock in the afternoon, and everyone is on the alert, eager for news from home. When the glad messages are received how happy are the wounded exiles! Hope is kindled anew in their breasts, the weary days of suffering are brightened, and the waning vitality renewed in heavy hearts, by the knowledge that somebody, far away in the dear old homeland, remembers and cares, and prays that they may soon come home.

The people of the United States have no idea of the sacrifices and suffering entailed in the progress of the War. What we have accomplished in the shipment of troops, and in providing for them, in building our own railroads, three thousand miles away from home, in feeding not only our own great army, but in the assistance given the other armies, in the way of supplies and food, is a story too big for a pen like mine. The whole of Europe looks on in amazement at the speed and thoroughness, while it marvels at the immense resources of our country.

It is hard and depressing here today. The atmosphere is cloudy and the sun is a glaring bright light that burns and withers, but there have not been many days like this. It is unusually cool in the shade, but today there is no shade. But if the weather so affects those who are well, how hard must it be for the poor lads, wounded and gassed, yet traveling twenty-four and twenty-eight hours before reaching the haven of refuge. Five hundred boys are coming to the hospital tonight—today they are braving the blistering heat of the sun, on their way to this part of the world.

One thing that strikes me very forcibly is the youth of our army, as compared with the army of France. Ours is an army of boys, while theirs is one of men old enough to be the fathers of our boys. Every nine out of ten Americans in the hospital is a mere boy, while the tenth is usually under thirty. It is a mat-

ter of wonder to the French that such boys can be such wonderful fighters.

From a military standpoint things are certainly bright in this land of disorder and depression. We are keeping right on, and there seems to be no let up in the hammering we are giving the Germans. We are harassing them on all fronts, and our policy seems to be: keep them traveling. Many are the tales of bravery and valor under fire told by the boys as they lie in bed after the battle is over, for some of them, alas, forever! They have been keyed up to such a high pitch of nervous tension under the shock of shell and fire, that the inevitable reaction sets in, when the roar of the battle passes. Lads who at the front cared not for the noise of bursting shell and shrapnel, start in their beds when they hear the passing honk-honk of a Ford.

I often speculate as to how long it will last, and the way things are going now it looks as though the Germans are going to have a job on their hands to keep up with the procession. What great fighting the American troops have done within the last few months, and they are still pegging victoriously away!

War is a hard, pitiless old game, and we are all under a heavy strain, but, please God, it cannot last long now. It is only a question of time—how long it will take to insure the defeat of the enemy. It is difficult to hazard a time limit for the cessation of hostilities, but men who should know seem to think that another year will end the struggle and see victory entwined on the standard of the United States of America.

It is only a matter of time, too, when Germany will awaken to the fact that she is doomed. The hour of her awakening seems near at hand, and I would not be surprised to pick up a paper almost any evening and read that the House of Hohenzollern had tottered and fallen to pieces, torn apart by an enraged populace, who, after years of darkness, had finally seen the light of the noon-day sun. A people, no matter how driven and oppressed, must sooner or later be forced to open their eyes to the light of truth.

FIGHTING FATHER FRANK.

This morning, Father Frank O'Reilly, formerly a professor at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., came into the

hospital, suffering from a breakdown, caused by the inhalation of dangerous gases. He is the chaplain of the Seventy-sixth Field Artillery, and will be here for quite a while. Though gassed several times and suffering hemorrhages for weeks, he did not retire from the lines until after his regiment was relieved from the front. He is on the high road to recovery, however, and his only anxiety is to get back to the regiment he loves so well.

The boys call him "Fighting Father Frank"—a title he earned at the Battle of the Marne, where he offered Mass to the roar of the cannon, anointed the dying amid a rain of shrapnel, buried the dead under the fire of enemy guns, and when night fell made his bed with an old horse blanket—his only protection against the elements.

His most thrilling experience was on the night of July 14th-15th, the beginning of the great German offensive. The launching of the enemy's attack found "Fighting Father Frank" in an outpost position, in front of the first line trenches of the infantry. For twenty-four hours he was cut off from his regiment by a sea of fire, the officer in command wounded and carried to the rear. Finding himself in command of his regiment's most forward position he stuck to his post, although importuned by a major of the nearest infantry regiment to seek shelter. He remained at his post until formally relieved by an order from regimental headquarters. For hours, together with several scouts of an infantry regiment, Father Frank sat in an open shell hole while the enemy poured over them the most intense barrage of the War. He afterwards reconnoitered the ridge overlooking the Marne, and was one of the first to report that the Germans were marching in column squads down its southern bank. Working his way for several miles, through a hail of shells, Father Frank finally reported to his commanding officers, wet and exhausted, the crosses on his shoulders turned black by enemy gas, but personally unscratched! When asked what he would do when strong enough to leave the hospital, Father Frank replied:

"The command is forward!"

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

It is a beautiful day. The sun is shining and the hilltops are golden in the morning light, especially Puy-de-Dôme, a

dear friend of mine, who has a place in my heart very close to that of "Old Baldy" in Eugene. I often look to his summit to get the sunshine and shadow effects as they play tag on his head from a sky of deepest blue. I will look aloft many times today, for it is the Feast of the Transfiguration. In the course of the day's travels, I will see many transfigured faces—faces that have had their Gethsemane and are now bright with the light of Thabor. Poor sad faces that at some time in the past were transfigured with joy, and are now dark with the shadows of Olivet.

This morning I offered Mass in the little church among the hills—in the village where the camp is situated. The hour was early and the only lights were those of the two candles on the altar. I talked with many of the boys, and many were the tales they had to tell of their experience on the battle lines. One lad of nineteen or thereabouts told me how he prayed in front of a church, when shot and shell were tearing it to pieces, the only piece of statuary untouched being the statue of Our Lady.

"Father," he said, "I could not take my eyes off her face, though the shells were bursting around me, and there were the cries of the wounded and the dying. The last thing I remember was the face of the Blessed Virgin, and then all was dark."

My round of duty is ever the same, but occasionally there are great gleams of beautiful sunshine. A young lieutenant here in the hospital is one of my particular friends, and he is going to be here for a long time.

He receives Holy Communion every morning, and as I climb the four flights of stone steps, carrying my Changeless Friend, he is waiting and watching through the open door, with the eagerness of an Aloysius or John Berchmans. He is a great, big, six-foot Irish lad from Boston, with a smile always, no matter how hard the night has been. He will be in a plaster cast for six months. The young fellow has seen two years hard service, thirteen months of it in the thick of battle, living in the smoke of machine gun fire, shrapnel and death-dealing, burning gases, and was untouched until the fourteenth day of July.

Did I tell you of the flier who went home to his God, instead of to his mother, as he had planned? A young lieutenant in the Flying Corps, after months of hard service in the field, secured a furlough and prepared to go home. He had already cabled his mother that he was leaving for home. The aëro-

plane had a strange fascination for him, however, and with his observer he decided to take a farewell trip through the clouds, before bidding good-bye to France. It was his last flight.

GRAVE AND GAY.

I am writing this in the house of the village curé—a strange old house like unto a dungeon, with tiny peep-hole windows, dim recesses in the interior, great latticed shutters and a retaining wall surrounding the building, giving it the color of a prison.

The French must have a horror of fresh air, to judge by their sleeping rooms. And the beds of France—they baffle description! They have great canopies overhead, and when the bed is made the middle of it is like the hump on the back of a camel. A great board at the end completes the mystery, and, as if to make sure that no stray breath of pure air reaches you while you sleep, there are the immense hanging curtains, heavy and cumbersome. In the morning, when the sleeper unfolds himself from the depths of his sleeping quarters, he feels as though he had fought the Battle of the Marne anew, the ammunition being the feathers.

Today, I saw an old lady driving a goat through the streets, and I noticed her direct the animal up to one of the little stores and talk with the proprietor. After a moment he came out with a pitcher, and the old lady filled two cups by milking the goat, poured the contents of the cups into the pitcher, collected her money, and was on her way. No need of milk bottles in this locality, and the milkman is the goat!

While I heard confessions yesterday afternoon, the varied lights of the sun through the stained-glass windows danced and played in the confessional, lighting up the picture you have looked upon so often, the apparition of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary.

Did I tell you of St. Peter's Church—the oldest in Paris? It was consecrated by Pope Urban III. in 1136. A little cemetery serves as part of the church grounds. The moldering stones marking the graves give mute testimony of the long sleep of those who lie beneath the branches of the trees.

Around the churches and in the courtyard are scenes from the Passion—done in stone—old and crumbling, but

beautiful. A group of little dark-eyed children, brown as coffee berries, were playing at the foot of the cross as I caught their attention.

"*Vive l'Amérique*" they piped up as they came gayly to greet me. France at the foot of the cross—torn, bleeding and sorely wounded, but still light-hearted and with eyes looking only to the dawn of a brighter tomorrow. May the good God grant that the dawn is near at hand!

I witnessed a ball game yesterday afternoon. The same eagerness, the same good-natured rivalry and the same enthusiasm marked the contest as used to mark the contests in the old school yard—the same spirit, but with a different setting.

There is a boy in the aviation camp who receives Holy Communion every time I come there. I always think of him as the little Aloysius of the camp, so out of place does he seem. He is a "bird-man," and last night I watched him get out his machine and enter it. In an instant he was up where the great, white, fleecy clouds play hide and seek. Then, like a tiny speck, he whirled and banked and looped the loop, and in his youthful enthusiasm he became an air sprite. Pure and untarnished as the great air spaces in which he revels, I wonder what awaits him in the future? With my wondering, comes that pain of uncertainty. Once I hinted at the danger of riding the winds and the fleecy clouds, and the boy smilingly replied: "It is a short life, but a gay one, and with God's help I will always be ready." He served my Mass this morning, and there was an "I believe" and "I love" in every action and syllable.

He told me the other day that he was not lonesome, but would give the world for the privilege of watching his mother bake a pie and listen to her croon the old Irish melody "Asthore."

Sometimes I feel a bit lonely myself. I wonder will I ever again see the sunset in my dear old homeland. Will I be able to hear the music of the voices of the children during the noon hour? Well, God is good, though I miss the interchange of thoughts that can be made only in the language one thoroughly understands.

THE EARLIEST THEORISTS OF RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., D.D.



“**W**HY is Russia a revolutionary land?” asked Alexander Ivanovich Herzen, one of the chief revolutionary theorists of Russia. The question was answered by him in the following terms: “We Russians, properly speaking, have never lived. For ten centuries we have been bound to the soil, and for two centuries we have been going to school, engaged in imitating the other peoples. We are just coming out from our bonds; and we have good reason not to complain of it. We did not inherit all the riches of the West, nor its legacies. Our historic recollections are stripped of everything Roman, antique, Catholic, feudal, chivalrous, *bourgeois*. Hence it follows that no regret, no respect, no relic may clog our onward sweep. The monuments revered by us are pure fictions: they were forged by the politicians who believe that no respectable empire can exist without their artistic glamour. We take no interest in prolonging the life of our dying members, or in the burial service of our dead. Those questions do not mean anything to us. We are eager only to know where the living hide themselves and how many they are. We are the offspring of colonists. Our forefathers had not a nation of peasants lightly varnished. The laborers of the fields are our national foundation and our vital sap.”¹

So, the genesis of Russian revolution is lack of an historical past. Too late Russia undertook to occupy a place in the festivities of the civilized peoples. Her eyes are turned towards the future. She desires to create for herself a history worthy of the great spiritual power of the Slavic races. She is not riveted to the worship of any ancestral fetish.

Russia blends in her soul both the qualities and the defects of youth. She wishes to open a new path in her dull world, already weary of its old, artificial, well-regulated civilization.

¹ Herzen (*Kolokol: izbrannya statt—The Bell: Selected Articles*). Geneva, 1887, p. 711. *The Bell* is the title of the revolutionary paper published by Herzen in London, 1857-1869.

The only way to her goal, is to declare war against the inheritances of the past. What has been received from the past, Russia feels, should be reduced to ashes. The generation of today, she claims, must destroy in order to rebuild.

The Russian revolution is a strange phenomenon. It starts with violence, continues, through a century-long struggle, in the domain of ideals, and closes with a violent *régime*.

If in other nations, the revolutionary movement is based at times upon humanitarian idealism, in Russia its foundation is economic. It was, and is, a revolution of the peasantry. Strange to say, the largest empire of the world was not able to grant to its agricultural classes as much land as they needed to avert danger of death by starvation. So we find that the earlier Russian revolutions were started by peasants, were the desperate outbursts of the serfs. In 1670, the Cossack, Stenka Razin, hoisted the flag of insurrection in the vast country extending between Astrakhan and Simbirsk, and slaughtered the Russian boyars and landowners. Another Cossack, Pugachev, in 1775, roused the Russian peasantry to take up arms against their masters, and ravaged with fire and sword a considerable part of Muscovite Russia. These revolts were not only due to economic difficulties, but were also a violent protest of the peasant slaves against the cruelty of the Russian nobility, who, at times, vied with the corrupt patricians of imperial Rome in torturing their serfs.²

The historians of Russian revolution point out that revolts of peasants were, to a certain extent, a daily episode in Russian social life. Such revolts took place at Kazan in 1796, 1798, 1800; at Moscow in 1797, 1806; at Tambov in 1814, and so on, till the abolition of serfdom.³ They failed, however, to attain their aims, for they lacked intelligent leadership. They represented an armed protest of brutality against brutality, and, without exception, they were drowned in blood.

To the influence of the Russian encyclopedists upon the Russian nobility and cultivated classes, is due the rise of a revolutionary idealism. Its germs were planted in Russian soil

² On the conditions of Russian serfs before their emancipation by Tsar Alexander II. in 1861, see B. I. Semenovskiy. *Krestianskii vopros v Rossii v XVIII. i pervoi polovine XIX. veka* (The Agrarian Question in Russia in the Eighteenth and in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century). Petrograd, 1888.

³ *Krasnoe znamia v Rossii: ocherk istorii russkago rabochago dvizhenia* (The Red Flag in Russia: An Historical Sketch of the Workingmen's Movement in Russia). Geneva, 1900, pp. 5, 6.

in the reigns of Catherine II. (1762-1796) and Alexander I. (1801-1825). Their earliest sower was Alexander Nikolaevich Radishev (1749-1802). He had studied at the University of Leipzig, and had impregnated his mind with the new-born social theories of Voltaire, Helvetius and Rousseau. In 1790 he published his famous *Trip from Petrograd to Moscow (Putechestvie iz Peterburga v Moskvu)*. The book was confiscated. A few copies survived the rigor of Catherine II., who pronounced the capital sentence against its author. It was reprinted in London in 1858,⁴ and in Leipzig in 1876.

Radishev sets forth his philosophical opinions and describes the dark sides of Russian social life, especially the wretched condition of the peasantry, the miscarriage of justice, the abuses of the nobility, the evils of serfdom. While it is true that the abuses denounced by the author had already been denounced in Russia, no writer before him had dared to bring them into the full light of day. "I looked around me," he wrote in the preface of his volume: "My soul felt the pangs of human sufferings. I turned my gaze upon my own self, and ascertained that the evils of man come from man, and very often because he does not look rightly upon the objects about him."⁵

Radishev pled for a literary, scientific and artistic renaissance of Russia, by the emancipation of Russia from her moral and material bondage. He defended freedom of thought, the right of every Russian citizen to the possession of a portion of the soil, freedom of religious worship, a just equalization of civil power, free public education, and measures suitable for the maintenance of social order.⁶

A forward step in the systematizing of theoretical Socialism was achieved by the so-called Decembrists, a political organization responsible for a conspiracy which tragically failed in December, 1825. The Decembrists gathered around their flag the noblest elements of the Russian aristocracy and higher classes. They inaugurated the era of scientific revolutionary movements. By their trials they showed that the suf-

⁴ *Kniaz Ssherbatov i A. Radishev* (Prince Mikhail Mikhailovich Ssherbatov, 1733-1790, and A. Radishev). London, 1858, pp. 99-396.

⁵ A. N. Pypin. *Istoriia russkoi literatury* (History of Russian Literature). Petrograd, 1907, ed. 3., vol. iv., pp. 177-181.

⁶ V. I. Semevsky. *Politicheskiye i obsshestvennyye idel dekabristov* (The Political and Social Ideas of the Decembrists). Petrograd, 1909, p. 24.

ferings of the outcasts and down-trodden lower classes of Russia, had found an echo in the hearts of the Russian nobility. In the darkness which spread over Russia on the accession of Nicholas II. to the throne, the attempt of the Decembrists to create a new Russian social order constituted them the earliest leaders of the Russian revolution, and its worthy idealists.

The Decembrists nourished no illusions as to the fate awaiting them. The most pathetic figure among them, Kondraty Theodorovich Rylieev (1795-1826), a poet whose verses excited the enthusiasm of Pushkin, wrote of himself and his fellow conspirators thus:

A dream pursues me like a shadow, day and night. It is a dream that gives me no rest. It hovers over me either in the mysterious silence of the fatherland's steppes, or in the whirlwind of the battle, or in the holy churches when my soul raises its prayer. "The hour has struck." A secret voice whispers to my ear. I know what it says to me. The gibbet will be the reward of the first insurgents against the oppressors of the people. My fate is already sealed. But, tell me, did you ever know that freedom was achieved without blood and victims? I shall die for my cherished country. I feel it, I know it. And cheerfully, I am willing to bless my own death.

The Decembrists set to work in 1815. They founded a secret society. Two brothers, Alexander Mikhailovich Muravev and Nikita Mikhailovich Muravev, spread the revolutionary movement among the officers. The secret society was called the "League of Salvation (*Soiuz Spaseniia*)."⁷ Its members were recruited from the Russian nobility and army officers of high rank. In 1818, the League changed its name to "League of Prosperity (*Soiuz Blagodenstviia*)."⁸ It lacked a common programme. In its ranks were to be found *moderates* who yearned only for a constitution safeguarding the rights of individuals against the despotism of Russian bureaucracy; political reformers who took up the cudgels for a republican régime; *radicals* who advocated pulling down autocracy

⁷ Their complete list is to be found in a small pamphlet published in Germany: *Tainoe obshchestvo 14 dekabrita 1825 v Rossii* (The Secret Society and the 14th of December, 1825, in Russia). Leipzig (s. d.) See also A. L. Dmitriev-Mamontov. *Dekabristy v Zapadnoi Sibiri: istoricheskiĭ ocherk* (The Decembrists in Western Siberia: An Historical Essay). Petrograd, 1905.

immediately and basing the social and administrative organization of Russia upon a distinctly new foundation.⁸

The conflict between the conservative and the radical wings dragged along for several years. The society was all but rent apart. Its lease on life was prolonged when the Polish *carbonari* decided to join the Russian revolution.⁹ Colonel Pestel, who heroically faced death after the discovery of the Decembrists' plot, favored extreme measures. He was a staunch defender of a republican form of government, and the very soul of the League. In his opinion, the Tsar would not willingly surrender his privileges. His republicanism was strongly tinged with socialistic aims. At a meeting of the League's adherents, when asked how to deal with the relatives of the Tsar, he answered: "We must annihilate them!" The League approved his violent measures for the emancipation of Russia.

Pestel was of the opinion that Russian revolution ought to take up as the first of its duties the solution of the agrarian problem. Individual property ought to be abolished. The soil, according to him, belongs to its laborers. It is a common possession of all Russian citizens who are bound to cultivate it, and to divide the fruits of their common toil. Communism in land was, to Pestel, the condition *sine qua non* for the triumph of the revolution.¹⁰

The moderate wing in the conspiracy of the Decembrists, was headed by Nikita M. Muravev, and leaned towards the rebuilding of Russia on a political constitution similar to that of England. Because of the ignorance and inexperience of the Russian masses, he was prepared to retain the aristocratic element in the political life of the future free Russia.¹¹ Pestel, on the contrary, was a fervent admirer of revolutionary France. His memorandum, or outline of reforms to be introduced in Russia, entitled *Russkaia pravda* (The Russian Question), was written in 1822, and circulated in manuscript form. It was published only in 1906 by P. E. Schegolev. Its examina-

⁸ G. Steklov. *Istoricheskoe podgotovlenie russkoi sotsial-demokratii* (An Historical Introduction to Russian Social Democracy). Petrograd, 1906, p. 9.

⁹ T. O. *Ocherki po istorii sotsialisteskago dvizhenia v Russkoi Pol'she* (Essays on the History of the Socialistic Movement in Russian Poland). Lemberg, 1904, p. 77.

¹⁰ V. Burtzev. *Za sto let. Sbornik po istorii politicheskikh i obshchestvennykh dvizhenii v Rossii*. (A Century of Political Life: Selected Materials Concerning Political and Social Movements in Russia). London, 1897, pp. 4, 5.

¹¹ G. Alexinsky. *La Russie d'Europe*. Paris, 1917, p. 130.

tion shows clearly that the writer's mind was imbued with the theories of the encyclopedists and free-thinkers of the eighteenth century—Rousseau, Helvetius, Condillac, Holbach, Voltaire, Diderot, Beccaria. The strong influence of the *Esprit des Lois* of Montesquieu can be traced on every page. Some of its theories seem to have been literally drawn from the famous commentary on Montesquieu's work by Count Destutt de Tracy,¹² a passionate lover of the nascent and already vigorous American democracy.

Pestel believed that a federal form of government was the best means of solving the problem of nationalities in Russia, and of safeguarding their rights in a distinct ethnical life. Like the Russian revolutionists, he was, at bottom, a Slav. His Slavic or Pan-Slavic tendencies, are revealed whenever he deals with the question of the official language of Russian federation. He declares that the Russian tongue deserves to be the strongest political bond of union among the states enclosed within the boundaries of Russia.

To his Slavophilism is to be traced his feeling of distrust for the Russian Jews. Like Bakunin, he instinctively felt that Russian Israel disliked the Slavic races. The Jews, in his view, were a thoroughly Germanized people, a German-speaking tribe, by traditions, education and spirit fastened to the triumphal car of Teutonism. The Jews, he wrote, form a state within the state. Russia would be able get on well, if she could free herself from the Jewish danger. He pleaded for a transplanting of Russian Jews into Asia Minor, where they would be free to realize their own political and religious ideals.¹³

A temperate communism underlies the system of social reforms outlined by Pestel. He proposes to divide into two parts the tillable soil of Russia. One part would be the common property of the *mir* (commune); the other should be left to its owner. The property of the *mir* should be inviolable. The *mir* might not rent or sell its land to private individuals. The land was to be allotted evenly among all families of five to be found in the given community. By this method, the dearth of arable land would cease in Russia, and all Russian citizens would become proprietors of Russian soil.¹⁴

The Decembrists blended their social aims with their

¹² *Commentaire sur l'Esprit des Lois de Montesquieu*. Paris, 1819, p. 361.

¹³ Semevsky. *Op. cit.*, pp. 530-532.

¹⁴ Burtzev. *Op. cit.*, pp. 14, 15.

political ones. They concluded that the social revolution in Russia should begin by the overthrow of Tsarism. From that time on, the political programme of Socialism became a dogma to all socialistic organizations.

L. Martov wrote: "The workingmen's party in Russia is a socialistic one, for they acknowledge that the ultimate end of the proletarian movement will be the extinction of the capitalistic system of today, a system grounded on the exploitation of labor. By dint of a new socialistic *régime*, the laboring classes, when accurately trained, will give to society the fruits of their common labor. The proletariat will no longer deliver the lion's share to those who do not toil, viz., to capitalists and the bureaucracy. The socialist party believes that in order to attain full emancipation, the working classes are bound to demolish the autocratic system and the police *régime*. Socialism proclaims the necessity of a popular form of government, of a ruling power consisting of the representatives of the masses, of men chosen by ballot, and accountable for their actions."¹⁵ "The proletariat," wrote a Russian socialist in 1902, "is the dynamite cartridge which will dash to pieces Russian autocracy."¹⁶

The reign of Nicholas I. marks a period of veritable strangulation of Russian social and political activity. It is a relentless struggle against all attempts at reconstruction of Russian life, on a basis of freedom. Yet the revolutionary tide was growing. Secret societies strove, under cover, to shatter the foundation of Russian autocracy. In 1847, at Kiev, the members of the secret Guild of SS. Cyril and Methodius were arrested. The most illustrious of them were the great historian Kostomarov, and the national poet of Ukraina, Taras Ssevchenko. The former was imprisoned in the fortress of Petropavlovsk, the latter was enrolled in military service. As at the burial of his patriotic hopes and literary life, Ssevchenko sang the beauty of his native country in touching verses:

Dig my grave and raise my barrow
By the Dnieper-side
In Ukraina, my own land,
A fair land and wide.

¹⁵ *Sotsialisty-revolutsionery i proletariat* (Revolutionary Socialists and Proletariat). Petrograd, 1907, pp. 46, 47.

¹⁶ *Russkii rabochii v revoliutsionnom dvizhenii* (Russian Workers in the Revolutionary Movement). (Printing house of the *Iskra*.) 1902, p. 62.

I will lie and watch the cornfields,
Listen through the years
To the river voices roaring,
Roaring in my ears.

Bury me, be done with me,
Rise and break your chain,
Water your new liberty
With blood for rain.

With sad resignation he alludes to the sacrifice of his life for the rebirth of his beloved Ukraina:

A slave from my first bitter years,
Most surely I shall die a slave
Ungraced of any kinsmen's tears;
And carry with me to my grave
Everything; and leave no trace,
No little mark to keep my place
In the dear lost Ukraina
Which is not ours, though our land.
And none shall ever understand;
No father to his son shall say:
Kneel down, and fold your hands.
He died for Ukraina! ¹⁷

The programme of the Ukrainians does not lay much stress upon the economic claims of Socialism. In its political aspirations, however, it subscribes to the theory of Russian federalism. The programme is imbued with Pan-Slavic tendencies. "The guild," it writes, "aims at Slavic solidarity and the future federation of the Slavic peoples on the basis of full freedom and national autonomy. It advocates the widest religious liberty. All the religious denominations are to enjoy the same rights. Every kind of propaganda is forbidden, as being useless to the cause of freedom. Catholic Slavs, however, will be urged to adopt the Slavic idiom in their liturgy. The guild does not fix the common language of all Slavs. It seems, however, that the Great Russian language, the most diffused among the Slavic races, should have the preference over the others. The guild advocates the compulsory education of the people, the abolition of serfdom and of all privileges, the suppression of the death penalty and of all physical punishment."

¹⁷ L. E. Voynich. *Six lyrics from the Ruthenian of Taras Shevchenko*. London, 1911, pp. 31-32, 33-34; S. Rudyckyl. *Ukraina und die Ukrainer*. Berlin, 1915, p. 33.

According to Ukrainians, Russia must break her political unity and split into several states independent of each other. The Russian federation would embrace the following autonomous States: North Russia, Northeast Russia, Southeast Russia, Russia of the Upper and Lower Volga, Central and South Malorussia, Eastern and Western Siberia, Caucasus, Bielorussia, Poland, Bohemia and Moravia, Serbia, Bulgaria, Polish and Malorussian Galicia. Such a dissection of Russia would not be an ultimate one. Economic interests likely would require a rehandling of the programme.

"The city of Kiev," writes the compiler of the Ukrainian revolutionary plans, "ought not to belong to any State. It will be the seat of the central diet. This shall consist of two chambers, the one of ministers and senators; the other of deputies. The general diet will be summoned every four years, and even oftener, when expedient. Each State shall have its local diet, a president and senate. The diet is summoned every year. The supreme authority shall belong to a president, elected by suffrage every four years, and to the ministers of foreign and domestic affairs. For the defence of the federation, a small army is to be organized. The single States need their own local militia. All must learn military discipline in case of a general call to the colors."¹⁸ It is needless to emphasize the resemblance of the Ukrainian programme to that now being carried out by the Russian Jewish *Soviet* of New Russia.

The disastrous issue of the Crimean War, and the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander II., accentuated the socialistic claims of the Russian revolutionists. Russian social thought during the second half of the nineteenth century, wavered between anarchical and communistic Socialism. An essentially socialistic programme was that outlined in 1861 by a distinguished writer, Mikhail Illarionovich Mikhailov, and addressed to the young Russian generation: "It is not the people that exists for the ruling power, but the ruling power for the people. Hence it follows that a government which ignores the needs of the people, and claims for itself the exclusive possession of the soil, caring only for its selfish aims, a government, in a word,

¹⁸ S. S. Kak. *Programmy politicheskikh partii*. (The Programmes of the Political Parties). Odessa, 1917, p. 41; M. Hrushevsky. *The Historical Evolution of the Ukrainian Problem*. London, 1915, pp. 39, 40; N. Grincenko. *Ideia federalizmu u dekabristiv*. (The Idea of Federalism Among Decembrists). Kiev, 1907, pp. 12-21. (In Ruthenian.)

filled with contempt for its subjects,—that government is unworthy of its people. The Romanovs very likely have forgotten that they did not descend to us from heaven. They were elected by the people, who considered them the ablest to rule Russia. We need no Tsar, no emperor, no lord's anointed, no ermine cloak for the inherited stupidity of our rulers. We yearn for a political head, who will be a simple mortal, a man born here below, a man who knows human life and the aspirations of his people. We do not feel the necessity of an emperor anointed in the Cathedral of the Assumption. The ruler whom we seek ought to be one chosen of the people, and their salaried representative. We require the possession of the soil by the whole community. Every citizen is entitled to his lot of land. Individuals have no right to the private property of the soil. The land is not a matter of bargain, like potatoes and cabbages. It is desirable that all citizens give their names to the rural communes. We claim the collective property of the soil. If our collectivistic theory is a sheer Utopia, it will die a natural death, it will fade away by reason of its own inherent helplessness. The economic influence of the West has nothing to do with our fate. We demand the abolition of the *bourgeoisie*, of that estate which sprang forth in the time of Catherine II.”²⁹

The programme of Mikhailov marks only a transitional stage in the literary history of Russian theoretical Socialism. Russian thought could not stop half-way. The communistic system, although shadowed forth in the Russian commune of old (the *mir*), was found to be in opposition to the notion of an organized State. Now, it is a special feature of Russian logic to dislike half-conclusions. According to Herzen: “Thought, knowledge, conviction, dogma do not vegetate among Russians in a state of theory or crude abstraction. They do not shrink within the limits of an academic body, or hide themselves along library shelves, or within the walls of a prison. Without waiting for their maturity, they burst out into the fullest light, and impetuously hurl themselves into the arena of practical life. One would say that, tied hand and foot, they rush out through the gateway of a circus. We Russians can live a long time in a state of moral torpor, and mental slumber. But, sooner or later, our mind awakens. And then,

²⁹ V. Burtzev. *Za sto let*, pp. 25-33.

—if it is not crushed at the very start in most depressing atmosphere; if it withstands the onslaughts and dangers of neglect or destruction, then, I say, it will push on to the very last consequences. Our logic is free from the repression of chains, and from the marks of a scarred but unforgotten past. The wavering dualism of the Germans, who know that life (in theory) does not coincide with the practical spheres of action,—that dualism contrasts entirely with the Russian genius.”²⁰

Herzen is right in his psychological view of Russian national character. Russian *doctrinaires* borrowed their socialistic tenets from Germans and French, they developed them, in theory, to extreme consequences; while, in practice, they inaugurated the era of revolutionary terrorism. The greatest and most sincere representative of that school of social reforms, proclaiming religious and social *nihilism* as the nostrum for diseased and starving mankind, is Mikhail Aleksandrovich Bakunin, to whose doctrines we shall refer in another article.

THE SPIRES OF ST. PATRICK'S.

(Fifth Avenue, New York.)

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

IN mute-tongued reverence and splendor lone,
 They lift beseeching hands to God on high,
 Blending their peace with the majestic sky—
 A veritable pray'r of steel and stone.
 Above the Avenue's proud monotone
 Of Wealth that overawes the passer-by,
 These shafts are wings on which hosannahs fly,
 And penitential psalms are starward blown.
 Like sentinels, unmoved, calm-eyed and strong,
 Who guard the hidden gates of Life and Death,
 They stand and drink the South-Wind's winey breath,
 Surcharged with hints of Love and Sacred Song.
 Of temples such as this the Master saith:
 "Keep sweet My dwelling-place, here Angels throng."

²⁰ *Op. cit.*, p. 719.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

BY BLANCHE M. KELLY.



SHALL have had my legend," said Renan, sweeping a complacent glance backward over his career and forward to future imaginations. He had a fine sense of gesture, and he realized that his had always been sweeping and impressive, that he presented an appealing appearance in garments woven half of mockery, half of sadness; he knew that he had written himself large across the horizon of men's minds. But the great skeptic did not confine his predictions to his personal history. He foretold a future when, faith in the supernatural being deposed, science should sit upon the throne and wield the sceptre of the universe. This was to be, moreover, a future of universal peace, since men, having hope for this life only, would cherish in their hearts no higher thing for the sake of which they would cast this life lightly away.

Time has shown Renan to have been undeniably at least half a prophet. He has, indeed, had his legend and he and his school left nothing undone to usher in the season of unbelief and scientific supremacy which became the background of that legend. But no two half prophecies ever made a whole one, and Renan's most sibylline moment could not reveal to him his legend's ultimate phase, could not show him a time when one who should be flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood would do his utmost to bring his prophecies to naught. Long before Renan died, when he was at the zenith of his powers and his renown, he declared that he wished to renounce in advance any deviation from his position into which he might be led at the hour of death by weakening mentality or the consciousness of approaching dissolution, but he could not by any means anticipate or provide against the action of his grandson, Ernest Psichari, who first by entering the army and then by entering the Catholic Church exalted what his grandfather held in chiefest abomination, the sword and the spirit, thereby becoming one of the first fruits of the Catholic reawakening which began in France before the outbreak of

the Great War, and which has given the lie to all false prophecies.

The legend of Renan has invested Ernest Psichari with so much of its glamour, and he himself was a figure of such romantic appeal, that even in a time when heroism and glory are almost commonplaces, his name and his story have busied many pens. This story up to the time of his conversion he has told in three books, two of them very thinly disguised as fiction, and since his heroic death those who knew him have been eager to take it up where he left off. He was born September 27, 1883, and was the son of M. Jean Psichari, a professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, by his wife, Noémi Renan. M. Psichari being a member of the Orthodox Greek Church, Ernest was baptized according to the Greek Rite, but thenceforth religion formed no part of his life. Having entered the *lycée* his faculties were developed in the atmosphere of irreligion and humanitarianism that we should naturally look for in intellectual circles of which Renan was the oracle. He studied at the *lycées* Henri IV. and Condorcet, displaying brilliant mental gifts and a poetical temperament. At eighteen he was writing verses in the manner of Verlaine and Mallarmé. Later, when he was studying for his philosopher's degree we find him commentating Bergson.

In 1902 Psichari received his licentiate in philosophy, and at this juncture left Paris to spend a year of military service in a provincial garrison. The outcome, to say the least, was curious, for this son of pacifists, this grandson of the man who, in his opposition to war, had declared that if conscripted he would desert, found in the life of a soldier something very like what Catholics call a vocation. Seven years later he wrote a book called *L'Appel des Armes*, in the foreword of which he says that his first experience of military service seemed to him like "the beginning of a new life." He felt that he was "leaving the ugliness of the world and setting out on the first stage of a journey leading to unsullied grandeurs." How far he was from dreaming what the last stage of that journey would be!

At the end of the year he returned to Paris to prepare his thesis for the doctorate in philosophy, his subject being, perhaps with a half remembrance of Brunetière's still echoing thunders, "The Bankruptcy of Idealism." But in 1904 he suddenly abandoned his studies and the literary career opening

before him, and enlisted at Beauvais in the Fifty-first Regiment of the line. He had attained the rank of sergeant, when in his eagerness for action he relinquished it and enlisted as a gunner in the colonial artillery, for in those remote days Equatorial and West Africa were for Frenchmen the only theatre of war. In 1906 he accompanied Commandant Lefant on his mission to what Psychari, in the title of his first book, calls *Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil* (Lands of Sun and Slumber). This book has much of the literary grace of his later writings, the charm of a cultured mind expressing the effect of its contact with a primitive and alien people, but it lacks the mature reflection and introspection developed by long sojourn in these solitudes. The young soldier's eyes are all for Africa the desired; he has not yet begun to look back at the land or the civilization he has left, nor into his own soul.

This expedition took him and his companions into regions hitherto unpenetrated, and through his eyes we see the African landscape with its "irresolute outlines like those in a bad picture," with him we feel "the unique silence of Africa," undisturbed by the whirring of insects or the flutter of wings. The character of the tribesmen intrigues him as he studies it in their manners and customs. Behind the simplicity of their life he discerns a complexity of sentiments which he believes to be connected with a remote and obscure past; he recalls the hypothesis of de Maistre, according to which the Africans are not an infant people, but degenerate survivals of a vanished civilization, and he wonders, musing on the sonorous names of their villages, whether this people has not fallen from a glorious destiny. But all his reflections bring him up short against his inheritance of unbelief, in nothing made more manifest than in his attitude towards death. There are his observations on the "metaphysics" of the Massas who have only one article of belief, the immortality of the soul; on the resignation of the people of Lai, "based on such a complete skepticism as we have difficulty in growing accustomed to, no matter how liberated we may be from ancestral beliefs." There is his own attack of fever and the almost pleasurable sensation of the approach of this "little death," consisting in "the annihilation of thought and will," and there is the very striking and pathetic episode of Sama, the negro boy who attached himself to the young soldier like a faithful dog and who died

suddenly and silently, leaving his master gazing after him into the "nothingness" into which he believed him to have departed.

In the course of Psichari's progress through "fabulous Africa," the infrequent post one day brought him, from a friend whom he describes as "a fervent Christian and a mystic," a card which bore the message: "I hope that from these solitudes you will come back to us believing in God." On this Psichari's comment is: "Alas! no, Africa is not God's country. It is the complete triumph of the individual. Churches, doubts, beliefs, distant phantoms of the city, how is it possible to love you when one has known this light, when one has entered light's very gateways?"

At the end of this campaign Psichari was decorated for his prowess in having dispersed a large force of the enemy with a handful of sharpshooters, and in 1907 he returned to France. In 1909 he was promoted sub-lieutenant, and at once set out for Mauretania, French West Africa, where he remained until 1912. In his second and far more important book, *L'Appel des Armes*, two things are evident, first, that together with so many young men of his generation he was undergoing a spiritual transformation, and second, that he was more than half aware of the process. The dedication page bears this inscription, significant to those who were watching the signs of the times: "To him whose spirit accompanied me into the solitudes of Africa, to that other solitary in whom is living today the soul of France and whose work has bowed down our youth in love, to our master Charles Péguy, this book of our grandeur and our wretchedness." Strange language this, of "spirit" and "soul" and "grandeur," from one who not so many years before had been writing of the failure of idealism, but it was no more strange than that which had been addressed to him in 1910, when Péguy made him the object of a "votive epistle," which is both a programme of the party which looked to Péguy as to its leader, and an appeal from the converted Péguy to the still unconverted disciple. Péguy's French defies translation, but this letter to Psichari is one of the most important documents in the history of the French Catholic renaissance.

The Call of Arms (the French has the double sense of "summons" and "appeal"), is an apology for the military

life, not quite war for war's sake only, but as a system of discipline, a tradition, a reaction from the pacifism and degeneracy of a creedless age. It is the story of a young officer, Timothée Nangès, who by sheer force of personality wins a youth away from rationalism and humanitarianism to the career of arms and all that, according to the thesis of this book, it stands for, persuades him in short, "to take the side of his fathers against his father," which was, of course, precisely what Psichari himself was in process of doing. His thesis is that the military career is a kind of destiny, a divine vocation that calls insistently to the soul of a man, inducing him to relinquish kindred and home and love and ease, and follow it in hardship and discipline of spirit to the world's end. "It is no great honor," says Nangès to Maurice Vincent, his disciple, "to die at night in a desert, but it is an honor to have an idea, or, if you will, although the word is condemned, a faith."

A curious feature of the work is that Psichari expresses his own sentiments, defines his own position, now through the mouth of Nangès, now through that of Vincent. "Many of us," says the officer, to a kind of *revenant* whom he encounters in Africa, "many of us have experienced the weariness of living in a world too old. 'Where shall we find,' said they, 'an object in life? Where find a rule, a law? Where find a temple still standing amid the ruins of the city?' They were searching gropingly for a great thought and if they had more faith would assuredly have entered the cloister, but in our days cloisters are used for museums. I too," he adds wistfully, "have known such hours." It was perhaps inevitable that this reflection of the tranquillity of order, which he found in the military life, should lead him to a comparison with the great prototype of discipline and tradition which is the Catholic Church. "He felt that he represented a great force of the past, with the Church the only one that remained still virgin, still unsullied, still unstained by modern impurities." He beheld a parallel between the unchangeable sacraments and the unaltered observances of military life. "The army and the Church never compromise. . . . We are both pure metal."

But it did not at all follow that in recognizing the Church as a great tradition and disciplinary force, he saw in her the manifestation of God to man, the holy city coming down out of heaven from God. The Nangès depicted by the still groping

Psichari is described as "a good Christian whom the weight of his sins did not overwhelm," and this good Christian always went to high Mass on Sunday, partly through a spirit of contradiction, partly for pleasure because he loved the ceremonies, and partly by way of protest against attempts to violate freedom of worship. This is his impression of the recurrent miracle he witnessed: "After two thousand years it was the same minds and well-nigh the same gestures that were repeated, the same prayers, the same words it was that issued from unchanged lips. All the effort of human thought had failed before the sensible representation of this Crucified One. All the philosophers and scholars were helpless before the strange and formidable mystery of transubstantiation: this bread (here, visible, made by human hands), this bread becomes the Flesh of Jesus Christ. Well-nigh two thousand years have accomplished nothing, they have passed as a single day, as the merging of yesterday into today or rather they have not been at all—duration has been suspended as by special grace for this particular article of faith."

The entire chapter in which this passage occurs is so redolent of Péguy's influence that it even takes on his curiosities of style, which are not those of Psichari's own, but over all the pages is spread the pathos of the half-light, of that which is not darkness only because it holds some intuition of the day. Very beautiful with this pathos is the final chapter, which shows Maurice invalided home to France, wearing the aureole, rarer in those days than ours, of one who has been wounded in war. He is keenly sensitive to all the loveliness of "*la douce France*," yet so pierced amid his enjoyment of it with the insatiable desire for barbarous Africa, that he must finally turn his back upon his love and the fair countryside and go out to the land that has "apprenticed him to silence." As you close the book, which is subscribed *Mauretania 1910-1912*, you are aware that this nostalgia for Africa is but the reflection of another nostalgia, of which saints have died—nostalgia, for the kingdom of heaven.

And very close upon *L'Appel des Armes* came Psichari's master work, *Le Voyage du Centurion*, magnificently translated by E. M. Walker and M. Harriet M. Capes as *A Soldier's Pilgrimage*. It is in the fullest sense of the word an autobiography, save for the trifling circumstance that the author

refers to himself in the third person as "Maxence." Its theme, its entire scheme of action, is this heavenly homesickness, the agonized quest of one more prodigal for his father's house, and the joyful homecoming at the last. It is remarkable both as biography and as a history of spiritual experience. It is essentially dramatic, on the lines of a Greek tragedy rather than of a mediæval mystery: God and his soul are the protagonists, the stage is the vast solitude of Africa, and for chorus there is the tremendous and almost embodied silence.

Maxence, he tells us, is the son of a colonel, a cultured gentleman, a follower of Voltaire, a translator of Horace, who had cultivated his son's mind but not his soul. At twenty, therefore, Maxence found himself defenceless against the sophistries and deceits of the world, having wandered at will in the poisoned gardens of vice, troubled by a vague remorse and overwhelmed by the mockery of a life entangled in a disorder of thoughts and feelings. He speaks of his "dereliction," a curiously Christian use of the word, even for one who had been taught to "think Latin." Curious also is the fact that the ostensible anonymity which might naturally lead him, as it did Huysman's *Durtal*, to discard the reticence with which the first person singular is invested, never lures him beyond the bounds of delicacy.

When the curtain rises Maxence has come to the realization that his father was mistaken, that after all he, Maxence, has a soul, that he was born to believe, to hope, to love, that this soul of his is made to the image of God and capable of discerning true from false. He is aware that this soul is sick unto death, but having grown up afar from the Church, he knows not where to look for a remedy. Filled with a great disgust for the France he knows, "a world too old," the France Renan helped to make, he sets out with as much joy as he is capable of feeling for the spacious solitudes of the Sahara and the grateful restraints of military discipline. "Then began for Maxence a real life of solitude and silence. . . . For the Rule of Africa is silence. As the monk in his cloister is silent so the white-cowled Desert is silent." And following this example Maxence "listened to the hours fall into eternity." For three years he was to know "the frugality of the nomadic life:" the rising before dawn in order to progress several

leagues in the morning coolness, at ten the pitching of the tents, followed by the sparse meal and the hours of administering the affairs of the Arabs. "He did not know of what use this austerity was to him, but he was so constituted that he preferred it to the horns of plenty proffered to him by his own country."

He had put France far behind him, but one day there came to him a card from the friend whom he calls Pierre-Marie, the same whose message of hope in his conversion is recorded in *Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil*, and who is now known to have been M. Jacques Maritain, a convert and a writer on subjects of Christian philosophy. He seems to have sought his friend's soul with a persistence which recalls St. Ignatius' reiterated: "Francis, what doth it profit?" On this occasion he wrote from La Salette, assuring Maxence that he had prayed for him on the holy hill whose Châtelaine seemed to him to weep over his friend. But the young centurion had before him many days and nights of communion with eternal things, riding with naked soul where the space that is earth merges with that in which swim the uncharted stars. It was not given to him, he said, to see the earth convulsed before the Face of the Lord, the order of nature reversed, the rivers returning upon their source and the mountains skipping like rams, but he beheld the perpetual miracle of the order of nature sustained, he saw God leaving everything in its place in the world which He had created. He watched with great content the rise of the scorpion to its place in the heavens, knowing earth also to be in its appointed place in the highways of the firmament. And then there was the silence, a silence which he loved as might St. Bernard himself: "Unhappy they who have not known what silence is. It is a bit of heaven come down to men. It comes from incalculable distances, from the vast interstellar spaces, from the unstirred latitudes of the cold moon." And he knew the workings of silence "which first closes the lips and then penetrates to the inmost soul, to the inaccessible regions where God dwells within us."

In his early expeditions in Africa we found Psychari curiously studying the customs and beliefs of the natives. Now he is brought into closer contact with them and they become determining factors in the history of his soul. In his distaste for all that is modern and European he is attracted by them, by

their religion, their philosophy, their mysticism; he strives to read the secrets of their faces, carved by austerity and alight with something like ecstatic prayer. Presently he discovers two things: that he as a "Frank," a French soldier, stands in their eyes for Christianity, and that the theory of this world and the next which is Christian, and therefore typically French, is infinitely preferable to the Moslem quietism. Recoiling from their dictum that the ink of scholars is better than the blood of martyrs, he knows himself to be separated from them by twenty centuries of Christianity. "He had behind him twenty thousand crusaders—a whole people who died with their swords drawn and prayer riveted on their lips." The soldier's blood in him is stirred and with it his love for the "Christian air" of France, and he realizes that he has reached a point where he must decide: he must either reject authority and the foundation of authority, which is the army, or he must accept all authority, human and divine. He is essentially a soldier of fidelity. Why then, he asks himself, does he reject Rome, which is the touchstone of fidelity, and if he so loves the immutable sword why turn away his eyes from the immutable Cross?

Perhaps only at this juncture begins the real journey of the centurion, a journey made in anguish of spirit and lowliness and contrition and love, with arms outstretched not to the impersonal Deity of the Moslems, who likewise pray in these places, but to the Ever-Blessed Trinity, to the Father and the Dove of the Spirit, and the living breathing Friend and Brother of his soul, the Lord Jesus Christ. The dialogue between the soul of Maxence and his God is replete with the things that are not taught by flesh and blood.

"It is my desire," says God, "that your house should be in order and that you should take the first step. I do not give Myself to him who is impure, but to him who does penance for his sins I give Myself wholly as My Son gave Himself wholly."

"This is a hard thing that you ask, Lord. Can You not first touch my eyes?"

"Can you not trust Me for a single day?"

"You can do all things, Lord."

"You can do all things, O Maxence. See how in your mortal hands you hold the scales with the true weight and the stamp of infallibility. I have freed you from the yoke and the

goad. I have made you greater than the worlds since I have given you command over Paradise which is greater than the worlds. Now you give Me thanks for the light of the sun which I have given you, but you do not thank Me for this gift, which is more precious than the sun and the whole panorama of nature. You are not grateful to Me for that high dignity in which I have placed you. And yet there is nothing that I like better than to see you free and bearing yourself proudly before heaven. O Maxence, there are no bounds to your freedom except My love.'"

There comes an hour when Maxence falls upon his knees and utters a strong cry for mercy and light. It is followed by many days devoted to the reading of the Gospels, in the light of which he perceives every detail of the scheme of salvation fit into its place as he had seen the atoms of the universe fit into their places, and the final pages of the book seem to have been written in a rapture of love for Him Whose holy Name he, like St. Paul, never wearies of repeating, "Jesus the gate of heaven and the desire of the everlasting hills." Then come the tears, "tears which are the third beatitude" and the first prayer, and then, after a little, the astonished question: "Is it then so easy to love You, Lord?"

This is the last word so far as Psichari's published writings go, but others have taken up the unfinished story. When he left Mauretania in 1912 he confided to a friend that he was "that absurdity, a Catholic without grace." For some reason, explicable only by some lack on his part, he could not bring himself to the performance of the external acts requisite for reconciliation. On his return to France he was stationed at Cherbourg, where he proceeded to read feverishly every book on the subject of religion that he could lay hands on, only to become convinced that "prayer was best." M. Maritain induced him to accompany him to Mass, and while he declared that he felt at home in church, confession still seemed something of a stumbling block. It was "Pierre-Marie" who in the end came to the rescue and arranged an interview for his friend with the Dominican, Père Clérissac. Within two hours all was decided, and on February 4, 1913, in M. Maritain's private chapel the grandson of Renan, in the fullness of his manhood and the maturity of his faculties, read in a clear but tremulous voice the professions of faith of Pius IV. and Pius X., after

which he went to confession and received absolution, the baptism he had received according to the Greek Rite having been valid. He was radiant with happiness.

On the eighth he was confirmed by Monseigneur Gibier, Bishop of Versailles, taking the name of Paul in reparation for Renan's treatment of the great Apostle. "I seem to have another soul," he said after the ceremony. After his first Communion, which took place on the ninth, he made a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Chartres—"the paschal joy of Chartres" as he had already called the great cathedral. He at once entered upon a full and active spiritual life, eagerly seizing hold of all the means of grace so long and ardently desired. "Ah, happy and thrice happy they," he had cried out during his exile, "who by the grace of the sacraments have entered into the gardens of supernatural understanding, happy and thrice happy they who repose in the Heart of their God and warm themselves at Its living flame, happy and forever happy they for whom the whole of heaven lies in the little Host which holds Jesus Christ." Every day, therefore, he made his meditation and spiritual reading and said his rosary, and whenever it was possible received Holy Communion. His very genuflection, it was said, was expressive of profound faith in the Blessed Sacrament.

It has been objected that Psichari has not given a satisfactory account of the steps by which his intellect was persuaded of the truth of the Catholic religion. That his intellect was persuaded, there can be no doubt—he was not one to sin against the light—but there is a sense in which his was not an intellectual conversion at all, but a stupendous miracle of grace. His soul was the quarry of the Hound of Heaven, and could resist capture but not pursuit. Once taken and abandoning himself so completely to grace, it was inevitable that he should feel himself impelled to further coöperation with the Divine Will, that there should be born of his love and gratitude a desire to make reparation for the defection of his grandfather. Step for step he would have walked in the path from which the spoiled priest had turned aside; with this object he would have entered the Sulpician seminary at Issy, whence Renan, still cassock-clad, came forth on a memorable day, and once ordained, go down to a country parish in Brittany, and, as one of his biographers has put it, there serve an abandoned

altar and say the Masses so long left unsaid. But already he began to understand the *Amplius* of the saints as well as to feel that he must atone, not only for the good undone, but for the evil done. His eyes were turned towards the Dominican cloisters, and he only awaited the clear intimation of God's will before deciding to enter there. "I feel that I shall do whatever God asks of me," he had said on his return from Chartres, and in March, 1914, after what he called his "year of prayer," he wrote to Bishop Gibier that he was awaiting this intimation in "peace and silence of soul." Finally it was decided that he should go to Rome and make his theological studies in the Collegio Angelico, and eventually embrace the Dominican "rule of joy."

He was still at Cherbourg in August, 1914, and there saw the dawning of that day that has changed the history of the world. On the second day of mobilization he set out for the battle-front. "I am going as on a Crusade," he wrote to a priest, "because I feel that it is a question of defending the two causes to which I have devoted my life." And in this defence he laid it down. Those first days of surprise and defeat were terrible, and on one of them, after twelve hours of terrific fighting at St. Vincent-Rossignol in Belgium, during which Lieutenant Psichari had been an inspiration to his men, he fell, shot in the temple. It was about six o'clock in the evening of August 22d. When his men recovered his body they saw his rosary wound about his wrist and on his lips the smile of a great peace.

The forces of science, heralded by Renan, have had their hour, and they have been for the most part forces of destruction. They have been used for pillage and treachery and violation. They have robbed Death of his mercies and taught him undreamed-of cruelties. But they have fallen back powerless before the spiritual forces that have gone forth to meet them. At one and the same time the Frenchman remembered that he had a sword and a soul. At the first menace of the invader the cerecloths of materialism and pacifism and irreligion fell away, and the soul of France rose up in its splendor. It has been given to the world to see a glorious spectacle since then, to see the French people with one impulse taking the side of their forefathers against their fathers, to see the churches crowded and the confessionals thronged on the eve of battle,

to witness Masses heard amid tears in the mud and blood of the trenches, to see soldiers charging the enemy with their rosaries on their wrists, to see dying men raise themselves to give the military salute to their Lord in the priest's hands. Above all it has been given to the world to see the deaths, Christian and heroic, that Frenchmen, since France was France, have known how to die.

Now it is no small thing to have been to a great extent the herald and forerunner of all this, to have come alone to the realization of France's Catholic heritage, to have struggled in silence and solitude to the perception of Catholic truth, to have laid hold on it and lived in its light when to do so meant not only to walk somewhat apart and aloof from one's fellows, but to deny those of one's own household. Neither is it a small thing to have been foremost on a roll of glory which contains such names as Castelnau and de Robien and Péguy and Lotte. For a man's attitude towards death is the witness he bears to his soul, and the manner of his dying is the seal he sets upon his life. There had been a time when to die seemed to Psichari annihilation and departure into nothingness, but there came a night in the desert, which was the eve of battle, when he faced the possibility of death with an altered demeanor: "Here in front of me lies the Field of Death and it is beautiful as the Promised Land. Here is the angel holding the Book and under his wing the night is luminous and we stand in the reflected light of Eternity. . . . For all the evil I have done I am sincerely contrite and as to the little good I make no boast of it, but simply ask that it may not die but may bear the fruits of Eternity." These words were uttered when the centurion was so near the term of his spiritual journey that they may be taken as a nearly adequate expression of his outlook when he came, at last, to the end of his bodily one. And that end we have seen to have befitted one who has so purely enrolled himself in the immortal company of "the young, the adventurous, the admired."

WAR RISK INSURANCE AND THE "CARRY-ON."

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.



ONE of the supreme achievements of the United States in meeting the actual shock of war, is represented in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the admirable trilogy so intimately affiliated: the reconstruction work under the Surgeons-General of the Army and Navy, the employment agencies of the Department of Labor and the Vocational Service. The Act of Congress which appropriated \$176,500,000 to create the Bureau of War Risk Insurance was passed on October 6, 1917, little more than a year ago, and now the clerical force is writing certificates in the four million series. The tiny band of workers, less than forty, whom Secretary McAdoo could hardly spare from his over-taxed aids in the Treasury Department proper, has grown into a vigorous army of nearly nine thousand.

This corps of workers is typical of the courage and resourcefulness of the nation. From the nondescript material which flows in after a public appeal to patriotism, the Commissioner of Insurance has built up one of the most efficient and trustworthy divisions of the venerable institution founded by Alexander Hamilton. Of the several hundred thousands of men and women who serve the medical wing, almost ten thousand are actively engaged in various capacities, reconstructing the war's victims. The Federal Employment Bureau and the Vocational Service at present have a lesser force, but they stand prepared to increase it. These distinct branches of social service to the nation in the abstract and to the armed defence in particular, by one of those remarkable amalgamations of resources—the direct result of war—have grown into that vast national organization, "Carry-On."

At an open air meeting with the workers of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, held last June in the park of the National Museum in Washington, Lord Reading, Ambassador from Great Britain, placed the rather prosaic theme in a poetic setting, with a graceful mingling of Wordsworthian religious

and philosophic doctrine. "There is," he said, "but one adequate support for the calamities of life, and that the sustained belief that our fate, however sad and disturbed, is controlled by a Being of infinite benevolence and power Whose purposes embrace all loss and suffering to convert them into good. The worthy State seeks to become the direct representative of this Supreme Benevolence, and in the War Risk Insurance offered by the United States to all engaged in active military and naval service, may be read the last word of national benevolence founded on practical and self-respecting principles." At first glance this seems extravagant praise. But let us suspend judgment until we take a general survey of the field. Once we have investigated the law creating and controlling the insurance, compared the terms offered by the Government and those offered by commercial or social insurance companies or by state controlled insurance, and studied the sequel of War Risk Insurance in contrast with the old pension system, we will be convinced that Lord Reading spoke, not as a diplomatist who must lavish praise, but as a wise and experienced judge.

As a statement of pre-war insurance under differing aspects, the following paragraphs are cited:

All insurance is in a sense social in its nature, a distinction is however made between commercial and social insurance. . . . Social insurance is a working class insurance. Here the amounts for which insurance is issued are usually small and the costs of administration relatively large. The result is that while this class is urgently in need of insurance in various forms, the profits of the business are not sufficient to induce commercial companies to go into it. Moreover, some of the hazards which are borne by the working class are placed upon them unfairly and ought to be borne by the business which employs them or by society in general. Since the least well provided for of the workers, will not or cannot afford commercial insurance and since the State has no direct interest in guarding them from disasters which they are likely to meet from unforeseen eventualities, it becomes the duty of the State to assist them to secure insurance.¹

When a workingman is killed or injured in the course of

¹ O'Hara, *An Introduction to Economics*. New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. 246, 247.

his employment, his family is deprived temporarily or permanently of his income. Formerly the view was held that this stoppage of income was solely the concern of the family of the injured man and was a matter about which the State and the employer need not take thought. . . . Today, this view of the irresponsibility of the employers and the State for industrial accidents, is beginning to be antiquated, and as a result of this way of looking at industrial accidents, thirty-three States have passed laws bearing directly on workmen's accident compensation. The laws vary from State to State but are alike in principle. They provide in general for compensation for all injuries by accidents arising in and out of employments including full compensation for deaths so resulting, and in many cases occupational diseases, such as lead poisoning are included.²

In a foreword to the first bulletins distributed by the Secretary of the Treasury, it is stated that the United States offers its active military forces this War Risk Insurance as a privilege as well as a duty. What the commercial companies would not touch as a financial venture, namely, to underwrite small sums for persons exposed to peril, the Government will do as a privilege and under "terms of unprecedented liberality," to quote Mr. McAdoo again. The maximum amount possible under the War Risk Insurance provisions is \$10,000, and the minimum is \$1,000. The average age of the insured, prior to the last selective draft, was twenty-five years. The average amount written, to the intense gratification of the framers of the law, has been \$7,500, whereas the most optimistic hoped it would be, at least, \$3,500. The average man of twenty-five pays for the average amount of insurance taken, \$7,500, \$4.95 a month or an annual total of \$59.40.

It has been objected that commercial companies will insure a man of twenty-five for the same sum, at a premium rate which is not excessive, and which will stand every sort of comparison with that offered by the Government. But the commercial companies offer this rate only for normal risks. For a man going to war, they would not accept the risk at four times the premium usually stated. Then, with the passing years, the burden increases for the normal man who carries commercial insurance, and statistics prove that, at the very time when the money is most urgently needed, when the capacity to earn

² *Ibid.*, pp. 247, 248.

grows less, the insurer is compelled to cease his payments and thus loses all. The War Risk Insurance carries an excellent provision: that if the insured returns in sound condition, five years after the war he may place this policy, and under appreciably lightened financial strain, with such commercial firms as meet the requirements of the United States in the matter of profit and loss.

All dealings with the War Risk Insurance Bureau must definitely end five years after peace is declared, such as monthly installments to the totally or permanently disabled, cash sums to the beneficiaries of the War's victims, or transferred policies to existing State or commercial concerns, yet the United States Government is to remain in the field of insurance as the most powerful weapon to spur the States on to more humane and intelligent laws for the working, and therefore exposed, class, and to curb the greed of the great companies. Every kind of federal insurance awaits the coming of peace: health insurance for the millions of federal employees; general insurance for non-employment for those temporarily embarrassed through a cessation of demand for their work. Such an insurance would have benefited construction workers in the earlier years of the European War when American business was paralyzed; it would also be an ideal insurance to keep the wolf from the door, in times like the past five years, when artists, graphic and textile as well as the genius of paint-brush, pencil or chisel, have literally faced destitution. But these are vast projects of the future, as yet too shadowy, even in the national mind, to permit of detailed description.

As a business venture which has recently celebrated its first birthday, and which can number more than four million patrons, with employees reckoned in the eight thousands and the list still growing, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance makes a fascinating study. Lord Reading said, compared to the old pension system, which had fastened on this as well as old world countries, it was a regeneration. American economists call it rather a much needed readjustment. It is certainly a sociological adjustment, when the modern warrior pensions himself instead of becoming a pensioner on the bounty of the Government and a drain on the resources of the country. He must pay his allotment from the Government's monthly stipend. Be he general, colonel, corporal or private, admiral, commander,

sailor before the mast, or the humble scullery boy in the hold, the amount of his premium for War Risk Insurance is deducted before his pay envelope leaves the Treasury. Indulgent mothers and other relatives may ease the burden in all ways but this. Direct and simple methods have their value in the machinery set in motion by the Act of Congress of October 6th. The limited term which is set for War Risk Insurance is a distinct gain as compared to the endless years in which the pensioner clung to the Government's skirts; opportunities for fraud and perjury are diminished under the present system, for the insured must make application where his antecedents are under direct scrutiny; beneficiaries are clearly indicated and rigidly investigated, thus closing avenues to deceit. To be sure some enterprising women have married several soldiers under different names and succeeded, for two or three months, in drawing several family allowances, but they were detected and punished so severely that this particular industry is not likely to flourish.

The Act of Congress which appropriated \$176,500,000 for the War Risk Insurance, designated that \$141,000,000 should be available for military and naval family purposes. The soldier who receives thirty dollars a month, must send fifteen to a wife or any dependents he may leave, and to this the Government adds fifteen for a wife and twelve for every child or other dependent. This last is done whether he takes out insurance or not. When he does avail himself of the opportunity to guard himself and his dependents from the casualties of war, he must pay his premium, as previously stated, out of the fifteen dollars he retains, or rather he pays it automatically before he receives his portion. As a model of simplicity, the instructions of the Commissioner to field agents and other solicitors could be recommended to commercial firms. Two papers accompany each application: one gives the law about allotments and beneficiaries simply and directly, the other tabulations of premiums according to age, and the final adjustment of the policy as paid up or relinquished. The permanently disabled will receive the entire amount covered by the premiums, although his family has drawn monthly sums from the \$141,000,000 set aside for the purpose. The principal is divided into monthly sums, when it must be paid to the injured, and at this point the "Carry-On" steps in to safeguard the recipient

and to save him from the perils which encompassed the old-time pensioner.

The certificate issued by the War Risk Bureau to its patrons could also be commended to commercial firms. It is a modest affair, about five by seven inches, on fairly good paper, embellished with an artistic border of light green, very like high class premium certificates given at the old agricultural fairs. It displays no obscurity of language, no rhetorical flourishes, no expensive parchment, no engraved and elegant looking script as is common with commercial firms. It is plainly printed with the name of the holder of the certificate inserted on the typewriter, and contains less than a hundred words, including the three essential signatures, those of W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasurer, William C. LeLanoy, Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, and the countersign of T. R. Godey, the registrar.

As these certificates have been registered in the four millions, it may be illuminating to give the history of certificate number one. It bears date of October 17, 1917, the day on which President Wilson signed the Act of Congress and carries the sum of ten thousand dollars for Coke Flannagan, an officer of the Signal Corps now in France. This initial policy holder is the grandson of William W. Flannagan of Montclair, New Jersey, but at present Secretary of the Farm Loan Board under the Treasury Department. Mr. Flannagan had watched the progress of this proposed war insurance with keen anxiety. Just as soon as drafting operations were adjusted, after the President's declaration of war on Germany, his four grandsons, Coke Flannagan, William F., John J. and Heman J. Redfield had enlisted. With the presidential signature making the bill a law, Mr. Flannagan saw his road clear to putting on file four applications previously prepared by his patriotic young relatives. To his dismay, he received in response, not the four certificates but an elaborate explanation from the bureau chieftains, that months before the law was framed, there had been an agreement among them to keep in reserve the first hundred numbers for officers of high rank, number one for General Pershing, two for Admiral Sims, three for General Tasker Bliss and down the list graded with the precision of a court chamberlain. Neither General Pershing nor any of those destined for honors in the mental processes of the

bureau chiefs, however, were cognizant of this affair at any time.

Mr. Flannagan was disappointed, but he does honor to a good fighting name and he is of immediate Celtic ancestry. Quite naturally, he did not give up the hopes he had cherished without a battle. But his weapons, verbal and otherwise, made no impression. So, fortified with his documents, he strolled into Mr. McAdoo's office. As a result of that ten minutes' conversation, the Secretary of the Treasury wrote some clear and comprehensive instructions to those formulating the rules and policies of the new bureau. Mr. McAdoo decided that his mighty department was also in the world-clash that democracy might live, and that the fiduciary institution intended to remain staunchly democratic. Certificates for War Risk Insurance were to be issued in the chronological order of the dates on the application papers. From this general rule there was to be no departure, no exceptions, no reservations, and all such exceptions and reservations were at once null. All applicants were to receive equal treatment, from the highest to the lowest rank, since all were equal under the law when its provisions had been respected. Coke Flannagan got certificate number one, and his cousins got numbers two, three and four. All had joined the service in the ranks. All have already won commissions and have served with distinction in France.

A characteristic of the war worker, which presents a lighter side, is that no matter how small or insignificant the rôle he fills, his duties inspire a deep sense of responsibility. The clerk in the War Risk Insurance Bureau is inspired to believe, and no one can gainsay the belief is well founded, that the drudgery of the day, the forms and letters, the cards and certificates, the files and indices, represent the invincible devotion and solicitude of the nation to hearten the men in the field and to keep up their morale and unflinching fighting spirit. That they are the vital chord which links the battle line in Europe with the Government at home is not a figure of speech, but an actual and tremendous fact. This has worked to the excellent end that these clerks, subjected to every conceivable hardship in their daily routine, have borne all with Spartan courage. They are crowded into quarters which would be pitifully inadequate in normal times for five times less their number. Those who type the filing records from the

certificates which come from the military authorities, are so crowded they conflict with each other in the folding and unfolding of papers. Shoulders and elbows constantly touching during the exhausting heat of the summer, was a severe test of earnestness. So imperative has it been that the routine of the War Risk Insurance be kept up to the latest hour, that three shifts labored in turns throughout the twenty-four hours, each day being divided into seven hours, with a hour after each shift for the ventilating and cleaning of the office rooms. Tenderly bred women have trudged through the streets in the dark hours, fearless of harm in the performance of a noble patriotic duty. But to the credit of the directors, women were largely eliminated from the early morning shift, and none of the younger working staff allowed to be abroad during the danger hours.

"Carry-On," that masterful term straight from the trenches, has become incorporated into colloquial speech. Under it all loyal and worthy citizens are linked together for useful patriotic service, but it has a special application to that body of workers gathered about the Surgeons-General, who assist in the physical rehabilitation of the sick and wounded. The official organ, *Carry-On*, is a fair-sized magazine edited monthly by the office of the Surgeon-General of the Army, and published under the auspices of the American Red Cross. Lieutenant-Colonel Casey Wood is editor-in-chief and his assistants include the most eminent in the domain of surgery and therapeutics, as well as authors of international distinction. The magazine is sent gratis to all engaged in recognized coöperation with the medical wings and the social and vocational services. "Carry-On" may be said to take up the thread of the soldier's or sailor's life welfare at the point where the War Risk Insurance Bureau considers its duties accomplished. It accomplishes the more that the national conscience now recognizes as obligation, than it did, let us say, in 1865. The totally and permanently disabled are the objects of keenest solicitude. As William C. Gorgas, former Surgeon-General of the Army, whose very name means the achievement of great deeds, wrote in the first number of the official organ, June, 1918: "The medical department will 'Carry-On' in the treatment and training of the disabled until he is cured or as nearly cured as his disabilities permit. We shall try to do our part in his resto-

ration to health with the belief that the wounded and sick should have the opportunity to return to civil life, capable of pursuing a career of usefulness. This to enable him to enjoy the freedom and happiness afforded by world-wide democracy for which he has given his all."

Many who have given their all, have been blinded and otherwise maimed before they were prepared for any trade or profession. Experts from the Vocational Service are given in charge of such cases. They sound all possibilities deftly and efficiently before determining the actual work of training which immediately follows the physical healing. Meantime, experts associated with employment agencies, federal, state, municipal and of private benevolence, rake the country for opportunities to place the restored in the exact post where he will be most happy, prosperous and useful. The Secretary of the Interior has recently thrown open tracts of fruitful land in Louisiana and Florida, hitherto tied up by ancient French and Spanish courts of land claims. Here are potential fortunes in tropical vegetables, fruits, nuts, coffee and tea. The Agricultural Department has experts ready to train those who elect to become proprietors of such domain. The Departments of Commerce and Labor have their quota of opportunities and so, too, all the Executive Departments. And all this is independent of the great world of industry and commercial and intellectual activity. It is a project as vast and pulsating with life as the nation which conceived it. On the cover of the official organ, *Carry-On*, General Gorgas has placed an acorn, emblematic of power and dignity and slow but steady expansion. All that is hoped for will never be fully realized. This is the fate of altruistic effort however worthy, and what is to be realized will be long and weary months in coming. But the workers have their faces turned straight to the future, and they will wrest from it all that is possible, in this splendid campaign to do their part for those who have done so much.

Framers of the American War Risk Insurance selected the Canadian Insurance Act as their model. It met their requirements more closely, and quite logically so, since the geographical proximity and similar climatic conditions make the two countries as one. There is an effort to follow the Canadian policy of investing the monthly installments of insurance paid the permanently injured by the War Risk in an annuity, and

to provide occupation which will prove remunerative in the interim. It may require federal aid to do this. Without doubt such aid will be given if the demand prove sufficient. This is certainly a long stride in advance of the old pension system for the maimed. The world so soon forgets a man has been a hero and sees him simply as a cripple. But a snug income, a cripple's sense of self-respect and of non-dependence, makes the best legacy a grateful Government can devise.

"Carry-On" has even a deeper significance. It was present in the medical mind when units of recreational service were formed, under the direction of the Surgeons-General. The mental attitude of the patient has always a direct bearing on his ultimate recovery, and certainly upon the rapidity of his progress towards health. When a man has contracted tuberculosis or has left a limb in France or been blinded, or has suffered from gassing, it is necessary to convince him that he has a future, before you can elicit much interest in that remote period. Dreary, indeed, are the physical and mental trails of the War. There are those who would be content to be invalids, and invalids they will remain, despite the best that General Gorgas and the wonderful reconstruction officers can do. "Carry-On" means for such to inspire hope, to arouse flickering ambitions and to rehabilitate the mind in garments of strength. Here is where the women of the nation can prove worthy of the regard in which they are held. But they must work with and under the medical artisans and not independent of them. Wherever the patient may be, in a home of luxury or in the crudest of temporary hospitals, his complete cure is the concern of the nation, and must be conducted along the lines selected by those who know. Too much sympathy is worse than an attitude of irresponsiveness. Self-pity is what every well-wisher of the wounded wishes to kill. An infinitesimal approach to it must be met and turned into healthy, inspiring channels. Fortitude and hope are the weapons which the medical workers offer, and to this end forms of recreation are selected and the fact made obvious that each individual is the object of care and solicitude, and that his future is being thought out as by a tender mother and wise and judicious father.

In a larger and more important sense, can the women of the country "Carry-On;" in preparing and forcing on the

public the calm and cordial reception of these men who bear such visible tokens of their heroism. Those who have worked in any social service, can bear testimony to the disheartening refusals which follow the application of any person at all disfigured. Even a burn which left a scar, debars clerks in the great commercial retail concerns, and the most superficial cough or evidence of ailment often brings about a discharge in factories or crowded industrial plants. Proprietors who adhere to these obsolete ideas, must be made to feel that the public will not stand for them. They must be counseled to aid in carrying the burden of these cripples. They are the victims of their chivalry in saving the world for all, and for the future of the race. Not for sentimental or æsthetic reasons, should any one be suffered to shift with impunity a part of the burden.

If those who sigh and talk about the paternal tendencies of the Government, who claim that the best quality of manhood is being sapped in these elaborate preparations to safeguard the returned soldier and sailor, could mingle on easy terms with some groups of the reconstruction classes at Walter Reed Military Hospital in Washington, D. C., they would take a more hopeful view of life. If one doubts the strong spiritual qualities which remain untouched, after the shell of the body has been cruelly shattered, let him visit the working wards some afternoon when the duties of the day are ended. There is a lad of twenty-one recently removed from the Evacuation Hospital which was immediately behind Montdidier, who lost an eye, an arm and a leg at Chateau-Thierry. He apparently received excellent care in France, because after a few weeks in Walter Reed, he is talking of his ultimate discharge and his future. He had been connected with a large commission firm in a seaport city and bought crops in the open field. His wounds, he told the doctor and vocational trainer, would not interfere with his duties, and his employers had written him to return, just as soon as the hospital authorities would permit. He explained quizzically that he could always tell a good crop with half an eye and would not suffer now with a whole eye. With his artificial limbs, which he was learning to use better every day, he would soon get about his work, just as though he had never heard of trenches and the *inferno* in the woods of Thierry just before he was

struck. The sportsman-like attitude of those who have accomplished their part, is another hostage for their future. No rancor, nor hatred, no bitterness of spirit. They fought their fight valiantly on the field and with the proper weapons. In civil life they turn to the future and its possibilities. This attitude is the potent sign that the disabled soldier is on a straight road towards recovery and normal activity.

In the last consideration, after the War Risk Insurance has completed a noble part and the medical officers performed those surgical miracles which astound the world; when the vocational training and the recreational centres have all, in turn, aided in the restoration of the sick and wounded, the crowning opportunity goes to the Home Service, where the "Carry-On" means a sacrifice and devotion which is to revivify the world.

VILLAGE CHURCHES.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

Chaplain 117th Engineers, A.E.F.

God help you, little churches,
 That were the help of God,
 A broken-hearted host that War
 Shattered, and spurned, and trod—
 You are the saddest ruins left
 Above the saddest sod!

A hundred years, a thousand,
 You were the holy place,
 An ocean and a river
 Of the white tides of grace,
 Now only stones and mortar
 And in the dust, your face.

You were the happy prison
That Love's great Captive chose,
To have among His children
His house and His repose,
Where all the saints, like lilies,
Bloomed round the Mystic Rose.

O sundered bars, O broken cage,
O God that was your Bird,
No more within His secret bower
The Dove's low voice is heard;
The rain falls through your open roof
And you are all unstirred.

O lonely little villages
Where never God comes by,
No nearer than the heavens,
The far and fearful sky—
Who used to dwell within you,
The Apple of your Eye.

I speak not of cathedrals
Whose ruin robs the arts,
But little village churches
And broken village hearts
Where living faith and love abide
Though hope almost departs.

Almost, but they are minded
Of deeper than this gloom,
The age-long hours of anguish
And the dead Bridegroom,
And all in a sunny morning
An invincible tomb.

Dear Christ, these little churches,
You were their only pride:
I crawl into their ruins
As into Your wounded side,
And know that in The Church, Lord,
You evermore abide.

PREJUDICE UNCONQUERED.

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.



SINCE the outbreak of the War we have heard a great deal about the new spirit of toleration and mutual respect in France, which, it was said, had, for the present at least, stifled all political and religious differences. In the main these reports are probably true; isolated exceptions only "confirm the rule." But there are such exceptions, and we find a conspicuous one in a recent book¹ from the pen of Reuben Saillens, D.D. What makes M. Saillens' book the more noteworthy is the fact that, having been written for English readers, it reached a second edition at the end of six months, so giving evidence of a certain popularity outside of France.

The subject chosen by the author was bound to appeal strongly to the reading public. What could be more fascinating than the soul—or moral fibre, tempered and tested by a thousand years of trial—of a brave, chivalrous people like the French, who during the present War have added so many immortal pages to their glorious history? And the reading public was quite ready to agree with the author that the secret of this moral fibre of France "has been the wonder of the world."

But when he comes to explaining the soul of France, he is not so likely to keep his readers with him. Naturally the question suggests the most complex and subtle forces, the silent racial and climatic influences of centuries. According to M. Saillens, however, we need not rack our brains with speculation; he has solved the mystery for us apparently without effort—perhaps by intuition. The secret of it all is one thing, and only one: Protestantism! We confess that this explanation had not suggested itself to us, for, according to the author's own figures, the Protestants of France form only one and a half per cent of the population. If, however, we recall that they are "the salt of the earth,"² everything becomes as clear as day.

To be sure, skeptics might object that the moral fibre of

¹ *The Soul of France*. By Reuben Saillens, D.D. London: Morgan & Scott.

² *The Soul of France*, p. 51 and *passim*.

France evoked the admiration of the world as early as the Crusades, and hence before Protestantism was known. Such arguments the author would refute with the assertion that Protestantism has existed in France since long before the time of the Waldenses and the Albigenses; that in fact it is as old as Christianity itself, probably much older.

More important still in the present case, virtually all the great men and women of France have, we are assured, been Protestants. Thus not only such illustrious men as Martin of Tours, St. Bernard, and Jean Gerson³ were in reality Protestant, but Joan of Arc, "that strange mixture of Romish superstition and spiritual independence, contained the whole Reformation in germ."⁴

After these startling revelations the reader confidently expects at every moment to find such names as Urban II., Francis de Sales, Vincent de Paul, and Joseph de Maistre classed with the "salt of the earth" rather than put in the "Romish pale." But our author apparently thinks that, like the Catholics in general, these men have had little or nothing to do with the soul of France. Even Bossuet, whom historians and critics have for centuries associated with the spiritual life of France, he passes over lightly. Anyway, the reader is given to understand the French pulpit orators of the seventeenth and following centuries owed whatever little merit they may have had to Protestantism.⁵

Who, then, has formed the soul of France? First of all, chronologically speaking, Claude Brousson, who "really saved the country."⁶ More particularly, in recent times, Robert Haldane, Charles Cook, and Mr. and Mrs. McAll. Here we have the salt of salt in its quintessence. While others, for instance, Henry Pyt and Félix Neff, have done a great work in France, the country owes the sterling moral fibre of its soul chiefly to the Haldanes, the Cooks, and the McAlls. We get the impression that, in comparison to them, even Calvin and Agrippa d'Aubigné are unimportant. Others, such as Bernard Palissy and Olivier de Serres, whom we had thought of as illustrious Protestants well deserving of their country, are not so much as mentioned.

The same surprise awaits us in what the author says of foreign missionary work, one of the most reliable barometers

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 25.

² *Ibid.*, p. 30.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 118.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 75.

for measuring a nation's soul. Whereas we had supposed, from the opinions of competent historians, that the missionary activity of Catholic France in the nineteenth century exceeded in extent and fruitfulness that of all other countries—Catholic and Protestant—combined, M. Saillens affects to have heard only of French Protestant missions.

From these salient features of *The Soul of France* we get both the measure of the book and the spirit of its author. Has the War dissipated any of his old prejudices? Has it inspired him with even a spark of broad-minded amity, a sincere desire to see if possibly the "erroneous doctrine" of his compatriots and former opponents may not, after all, contain a scintilla of truth? The crisis through which France has been passing would, we think, justify a conciliatory effort on the part of all her sons, but the impartial reader is obliged to confess that no such effort is discernible in *The Soul of France*. On the contrary, the book, in its attitude towards non-Protestants, breathes virtually the bigoted "no-popery" spirit of the sixteenth century. And yet the author asks naïvely why men like Pascal, Brousson, and Vincent de Paul, whose only passion was Christ, "should have lived and died so far apart from one another!"⁷

The purely literary parts of M. Saillens' book are, as a rule, very good; but unfortunately he is never able to go far without his sect-glasses, which, owing to their prejudices of past centuries, at once lead him into gross exaggerations and distortions. Nobody has any objection to an author's writing volumes on the idols of his particular Church, so long as he does not usurp titles to which he has no right. But a systematic distortion of the facts of history is not permissible in a book bearing the name of one's country, especially when, as in the present case, it is intended solely for foreign consumption. We know now how much harm certain frivolous authors of French fiction did their country in the second half of the nineteenth century, by writing merely for foreign readers. Infinitely greater must be the harm if a scholarly book which is really erroneous, is accepted seriously. M. Saillens doubtless knew that in France nobody outside the limited circle of his brethren would be "taken in" by such a travesty of history.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 111.

'MELIA.

BY ARABEL MOULTON BARRETT.

She paused on the threshold of Heaven;
Love, pity, surprise;
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the
Cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her,
But never her cheek grew red,
And the words the living long for he
Spake in the ear of the dead.

—Whittier.



ELIA sat with her back against the garden wall of the Rectory, her knees drawn up to her chin, her arms clasping them. Her bare toes caressed the dust that lay thick in the quiet old street. Overhead a palm tree rustled and trembled in delicious tune with the wind. Looking up into it, one could see the clusters of blossom hanging, like delicate carvings in ivory, from their brown sheathes.

'Melia's soul was not in the palm branches: it worked like her toes, spasmodically in the dust. Close by, to be used presently, were her shoes. They lay there side by side—the typical shoes of the Jamaica townswoman—out at toe, down at heel, dirty exceedingly. Her mind was absorbed in a fascinating subject—the young woman of the present day. She herself, having passed her first youth, had views. All middle-aged people hold views on men and manners. Some hold just views: some distorted views; whilst others are vague in outline; but, without doubt, our own particular view is, to ourselves, the truest on record. 'Melia was proclaiming hers to her friend, Mr. Wallace.

Mr. Wallace, as he leaned against the old gun—the old gun, a relic of Jamaica's buccaneering days—listened with the grave silence usually ascribed to the *savant* or the philosopher. Occasionally he glanced down at 'Melia, and his shrewd expression betokened the man who was keenly conversant with human nature, especially the feminine side of it.

"Me good Mister Wallace," resumed 'Melia, "de young gal ob dis presant is no like young gal befo' time. All dem look fur is money. Dis money, me good Mr. Wallace! Dis money! It is curse and a ruination; eh, me good sah?"

Mr. Wallace assented without alacrity. His views on life probably differed from 'Melia's, but philosophers are proverbially prudent.

"Wait till I tell you, Mr. Wallace. Dis de way it go. Pickney grow and grow, and de mudder dem hab all de bodderation; and what bodderation like pickney? Den when dem grow big gal so—ketch mos', fifteen—dem no look to dem mudder. Dem go out look fe dem self, and day doant gib dem mudder dem gill,' so-so. Dem is really ungrateful, Mr. Wallace. All dem look fur is money."

"So it go; so it go fe true," murmured Mr. Wallace; and he dropped bits of stick down the mouth of the gun. A century or so ago it had vomited flame. Perhaps Mr. Wallace was thinking of all the gills and tups he had so heedlessly dropped into the sea of courtship; of the many gay and heartless maidens that had accepted bun and ginger-beer without a thought for the suitor behind them.

"De gal dem is really bad," warmly pursued 'Melia. She was gratified to have at last aroused Mr. Wallace's sympathy and interest. "You know Louisa?" Yes, he knew Louisa.

"Well, she tell Richard—you know Richard?" Yes, Mr. Wallace was also acquainted with Richard.

"Well, Louisa tell Richard, say he mus' go steal money fe him. What a 'ting, eh! Good fader! My, the gal bad! *Steal* money. Lard!" Mr. Wallace stood erect; he no longer threw sticks down the gun's mouth. Fire came from his. His finer feelings were touched. 'Melia looked at him admiringly from her lowly position at his feet.

"Louisa know who fe ax," said Mr. Wallace shortly and fiercely. "Louisa couldna ax *me* dem kin' o' ting; me soon know wha fe do wid him." 'Melia slid one brown hand to the ground, and leaning on it, looked up into the man's face.

"So dem young gal 'tan Mr. Wallace—so dem 'tan. Dis money! Dis money! Me couldna do 'ting like dat. Me is a ripe woman. Me couldna do so. But," with a certain wistfulness, "man don't look fe sich. Dem only want to married

¹ A gill is about three-eighths of a cent.

to young gal." It was a difficult moment. Mr. Wallace was evidently embarrassed. He didn't love 'Melia, but he had a faint suspicion she loved him; and this he had no objection to. It was pleasant to be a god, even a clay one on a pedestal, and to have many worshippers. Still, he could imagine that to be the exclusive property of one devotee might, through the very exaltedness of the position, be exceedingly irksome. Mr. Wallace was not what is called a marrying man. Rather he was like the gay and gaudy butterfly that flits from flower to flower. In any case 'Melia did not attract him. Her opinions on men and manners might be excellent, but her appearance was dissatisfying. He glanced at her bare feet, her kerchief-tied head, her wistful face. Rather he would have preferred smart shoes, an elaborate *coiffure*, a saucy tongue. So there fell a difficult silence.

The sunshine reveled in the tossing palm branches; it rested gloriously on the huge masses of cloud banked away to the south; the eye blinked at sight of them. A humming bird poised daintily, with whirring wings, before the scarlet hibiscus blossoms that hung over the wall into the road.

There was love in the air. Without doubt, Cupid, in mischievous mood, was passing by. Mr. Wallace was conscious of it. He had never heard of Cupid, but he understood 'Melia in a misty way. He looked down at her curiously. Her head was bent, her lips compressed; she idly traced patterns in the dust with her forefinger. Her hands were rough and worn with much toil. She had the sad air of one who having put out tentacles appealing for sympathy and affection, has silently to withdraw them, meeting no response.

Mr. Wallace's heart was touched, though he felt the position to be one full of peril. He had a consciousness that women, especially women like Amelia, were dangerous to the liberty of man.

"Mr. Wallace," said 'Melia softly and abruptly, "you nebber gwine married, nuh?"

"Married!" echoed Mr. Wallace, equally abruptly, but without softness. "What a big trouble you want 'trow pon me poor buoy!" He rapped his finger-nails impatiently on the gun. "Married no mek fe everybody, Miss Brown. It bring fret, and war and bodderation. Fe me brudder Sammy, married. He marry one brown critter from St. Ann, an' he had a

h— of a time. He tell me say deat' long time better. Married a bad sumting."

"A true wud," murmured 'Melia sorrowfully. Her tone was a wordless protest against his wholesale condemnation of the holy state of matrimony. He felt it to be so. Curiosity overcame prudence.

"Hi, Miss Brown! you oughter been married long time," he said jocularly. "Nice woman like you disarve husband." 'Melia glanced up at him shyly with all the coquetry of her early youth.

"Chuh! Mr. Wallace! My! you sportify. You too make game. Me no ole smuddy now?"

"Ole?" echoed Mr. Wallace. "Chuh! no talk nonsense!"

"I is a ageable woman, yes."

"Don't talk! If smuddy ax you fe marry you woulda teake dem?"

"Ax me, nuh?" It was pertly said, and Mr. Wallace felt all the smartness of it. It struck him full in the face with all the force of a bullet. He had not thought 'Melia capable of such repartee. Many a wiser man than Mr. Wallace has given away his life's freedom in as unpremeditated a manner. He laughed awkwardly.

The good-natured salutation of a passing friend saved the situation. Under his kindly and benevolent wing Mr. Wallace escaped, with a hurried "Day-day, Miss Brown," to 'Melia. She looked after him comprehendingly, and she continued to muse and to wriggle her bare toes in the dust.

Mr. Wallace's mind misgave him. He felt that he had endangered his bachelorhood. He felt Miss Brown's question, "Ax me nuh?" hanging over his head like the sword of Damocles. He knew nothing of Damocles save the first syllable of that gentleman's name; and this he used pretty freely to himself as he walked down the street in amicable conversation with his friend.

Fate has curious surprises for some of us. It came to 'Melia in the form of her uncle—a well-to-do man in the mountains. He died after a few weeks' illness, leaving all his earthly belongings (and they were substantial) to his niece.

'Melia, with house and land, a donkey, two mules, a cart, three fat pigs and fowls, was a very different person to 'Melia sitting in the dust with bowed head, bare feet, and without a

single silver or nickel coin to tie in the corner of her headkerchief. Mr. Wallace was one of the first to appreciate the difference; one of the first to develop a strong interest in 'Melia.

'Melia was ironing clothes one Friday afternoon when Mr. Wallace leaned over the fence, and respectfully saluted her. He felt, to use his own words, that, "Miss Brown was a lady to be treated with all circumspect." He no longer felt himself a god for her worship. It was Miss Brown who was now the divinity—a highly gilded divinity, indeed: and Mr. Wallace's knees involuntarily bent at sight of her sturdy figure bending over the ironing table. She had placed it for convenience sake under the breadfruit tree.

"Marnin', Miss Brown. Marnin', me dear lub. My, you look well! You look great fe true."

"*Good marnin', Mr. Wallace,*" said 'Melia. She spoke with dignity befitting her altered circumstances. She felt that a house and land, to say nothing of pigs and poultry, demanded an entirely new 'Melia. She remembered vividly the morning under the palm tree, and the question she had asked of him. She still loved Mr. Wallace, and was willing to say "yes" when the question was asked; but, at the same time, she felt that he saw her through a veil richly decorated with a four-roomed house, mules, pigs, and cart; and she was alive to the advantage of his gazing long. She herself always best appreciated the frock which she had bought after long and careful saving.

"My you handsome, 'Melia!" exclaimed Mr. Wallace; and he distinctly saw the cart and mules; and he the owner of them. "My you good-lookin'. You yeye 'tan seame like 'tar. You handsome me gal." 'Melia banged the iron with some force on the sleeves of her Sunday frock. She smiled. She knew the compliments were addressed to the four-roomed house, or perhaps the land or the pigs, but they pleased her.

"Chuh! Mr. Wallace! You too chupid. Tek dem kin' o' chupidness to young gal. Whey de 'tar dem? You foolish fe true."

"Me lub you, you know 'Melia. You is a ober and above handsome gal. (De mule and kyart, thought 'Melia.) You is sweet no sugar. My, you sweet." She looked up archly into his face; she had not yet forgot the ways of youth.

"Chuh! go way Mr. Wallace. It young gal you want. I is

too ageable fe trow words pon you. What me warnt wid man? I is got me house and land an' me fowl an' me pig dem. Please God I is gwine up next week Monday fe look 'pon de place."

"Mek me and you walk," timidly suggested Mr. Wallace. This was altogether a different 'Melia to she of the dust. "De road fur," he added insinuatingly, "and run-way man dey a bush."

'Melia feigned just the proper amount of alarm at the mention of the "run-way man," and she did it so artistically that Mr. Wallace was entirely deluded.

"No tell me!" ejaculated 'Melia, and she ceased ironing, and looked affrightedly across at her wooer. "Whoy! me well 'fraid fe run-way man."

"How much o'clock you dey go?" said Mr. Wallace.

"Soon, soon, befo' day clean. Me an' Lula an' Natty dey walk."

"Which Natty dat?" asked Mr. Wallace jealously.

"Me sister pickney," replied 'Melia, instantly divining the jealousy, and as instantly setting it on her brows halo-wise. It was fine to be able to make Mr. Wallace jealous. The glow of the halo made her voice gracious and sweet when next she spoke.

"All right, Mr. Wallace. I is glad fe hab you come—me well 'fraid fe run-way man." The wooer smiled expansively, and so the matter was settled.

The excursion duly came off and was highly successful. The house and land with its coffee, and cassava and yam-piece were beyond praise. The pigs were friendly and grunted appreciatively under Mr. Wallace's caressing foot; the fowls, some half-dozen in number, fled with the clamor of fifty into the coffee-walk under the fire of four pairs of eyes. It was disconcerting but convincing.

The day was a glorious one for 'Melia; to Mr. Wallace it was Elysium. He foresaw a long reign of plenty, with the servile faithful obedience of 'Melia. It was a delightful prospect. So under the shade of a spreading breadfruit tree (also his) the long deferred question was asked. 'Melia, a little overwhelmed by the magnificence of her belongings and the prospective management of them, answered "yes."

"It a nice place," said 'Melia, looking round her proudly, but a little sadly. There was a doubt in her mind. "It a nice

place." Mr. Wallace gave assent. His mind was too busy for speech.

"It good fe hab house an' lan'," continued 'Melia, "an' mule an' kyart, an' pig, an' fowl, an' the lilly carffee."

"It sweet me," murmured Mr. Wallace.

'Melia sighed. "Me will min' you well, 'Melia." She looked at him furtively.

"Mr. Wallace?" She paused, then spoke with a voice made desperate by resolve to know the worst or the best. "Mr. Wallace, why you no ben ax me last March? It is the house an' lan' you lub, nuh?" Mr. Wallace's heart shriveled within him at the direct question; but he valiantly rose to the occasion.

"Chuh! Narnsense, gal! Me lub you long time. Me will min' you well. Me no lub you? Chuh! 'Wha' yeye no see, heart no believe.' A true wud, nuh! 'Melia!" He put his arm roughly yet kindly about her. The heart of Mr. Wallace was awakened to a new sense of duty. He determined to teach it to throb, no matter how faintly, but to throb for 'Melia. Besides there was the house and the land. This helped the throbs considerably. Still, 'Melia was unsatisfied. Miss 'Melia Brown and Mr. Anthony Wallace returned home affianced lovers, and 'Melia's dignity and importance were considerably augmented thereby.

Three months later they were married and settled in their new home. 'Melia proved herself a true and faithful wife, working hard early and late for the weal and comfort of her lord and master. Mr. Wallace made a kind husband; without doubt he did his part in the management of the Elysium he had captured. He was kind to 'Melia, but he could not love her. Sentiment does not play a very heroic part in the lives of the island peasantry. 'Melia, though conscious of a want in her life, could not put it into words. It seemed to her that Mr. Wallace had married the house and land and the mules and pigs—and then herself. But her aspirations for a different state of things were formless. The want in her life was an enigma her simple and untutored mind could not solve.

They had been married a year when the tragedy happened. It came about through the pigs. 'Melia was especially proud of her pigs; it was therefore natural that the hand of fate should strike her through them. Mr. Wallace had long vowed a play-

ful kind of vengeance against the youngest of the tribe. It was constantly breaking through the fence into the potato-piece, and both he and 'Melia had made every endeavor to keep it in its own proper domain. But pigs are pigs, and potatoes are potatoes; and the one possesses an irresistible attraction for the other.

So it befell one unhappy morning that Mr. Wallace, unknown to his wife, hastened out with his gun to lie in wait for the intruder. He argued that 'Melia would be wholly consoled for the loss of the pig when she had been induced to look upon it in the light of pork. He himself was very fond of pork, especially when it was pickled.

Besides, Christmas was near at hand, and good dinners were things of necessity. He stealthily quickened his footsteps. 'Melia was gathering chochos for market. She was ignorant of the rapid march of events. Her apron full, she suddenly remembered she wanted some green peppers. Into the open she came; at the same instant the trigger fell. The pig fled with a squeal of indignation and surprise. 'Melia received the full charge in her thigh. She fell with a groan. Mr. Wallace was by her side on the instant.

"'Melia! Me shot you, nuh? 'Melia! Me God! 'Melia! she dead! Oh! me Lord! Wha dis come to me this day? An the d—d pig get 'way. 'Melia! Speak, nuh!" She opened her eyes languidly. She knew she was wounded to death.

"No min', Tony; you kyant help. No min'. Whoy!" With a groan of anguish she fainted.

Mr. Wallace conveyed her to the hospital in that much-prized possession, the cart, and he himself drove the mules that were hers and his. His heart was heavy. He was realizing the worth of the woman he had married. This senseless moaning thing huddled together at his feet in the bottom of the cart could not be 'Melia. He shuddered.

'Melia lay in great agony for several days. Amputation was of no avail. Day after day Mr. Wallace visited her at the hospital. Then there came the terrible morning when he was told that the end was near.

"Tony," whispered 'Melia, "I is glad you ax me. I try to be good wife, Tony. I is fateful to you. I is good wife, me lub?" Mr. Wallace laid a rough hand on hers.

"'Melia, you is good wife fe true. Me sorry you gwine

dead. I is really sorry de gun ketch you. De pig get 'way—dat de wuss. I sorry de shot tek you. I sorry to me heart. Oh, me gal, me gal! Wha me kyan do fe you? I sorry to deat'."

The woman's voice was sweet in its whispered tones. "Tony, no min'. You coulden help. No min', yah? Accidente is accidente. No fret. I is glad ebirting belong to you; you min' me well. You quite kin'—nebber quarrel or nutting'. Tank de Lard we lib in peace, Tony."

She uttered the sentences with short gasps for breath. Then went on again. "I is glad you got the house an' lan'. I lub you long time."

The dying eyes searched his. Did 'Melia know even now at this supreme hour what she had missed during that quiet year of marriage? I cannot tell, but God be thanked that at that awful moment it was put into the heart of the man at last to understand . . . to understand and to give.

"'Melia," he said, and he spoke slowly and distinctly, that the dull ear might hear the words and hold their meaning, and hide them away in the faintly-beating heart. "'Melia, I lub you, me gal. I lub you. Don't fret, yah! Me lub you. Wha me dey go do widouten you? What me kyear fe house an' lan'? Me gwine miss you to deat'. 'Melia, you believe me? *I lub you. God know I lub you.*"

The eyes, already glazing in death, closed peacefully. The words had gone home. She smiled; it was her last smile on earth.

"I glad you ax me, Tony." It was the faintest whisper. The man's eyes grew wet. He bent down eagerly. He kissed her on the lips. It was the husband's first kiss of love. It opened for her the gates of Paradise.

"The Lord tek you, 'Melia," said Tony brokenly. He listened for an answering whisper. There was silence. He looked into her face. On it rested a majestic peace. 'Melia was dead.

ST. AGNES, A TYPE AND A CONTRAST.

BY HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.



WHEN the whole world is plunged in tumult, it is difficult even to think with composure. One thought, however, is dominant with the serious at present. It is this—that what we called “progress”—a word, for some of us, of music and of magic, meaning “the greatest happiness for the greatest number,” is as far away from us as it was in the Middle Ages.

It has always been clear, to many, that the fine arts have not developed since then: that with us every phase of architecture is but an imperfect reflection of the past; that no paintings, reliefs, mosaics, no stained-glass, sculpture, no literature in the modern world, can bear comparison with the exalted creations of the past. However, in the domain of what we call material genius, we discovered a definite advance. But that very instrument which gave us heart of hope for, at least, the physical betterment of humanity, was converted into a means for the destruction of human life. Indeed, the course of civilization has been thrown back several centuries. We find ourselves encompassed with all the moral weaknesses of the past—its barbarism and passion for destruction—without its virtues, its hidden moral beauty, its sentiment and romance.

If in the æsthetic and material order we have fallen far short of high standards and must revert to ancient ideals, this is eminently true in the region of morality. Is there one spot in this wide world, at the present moment, where the tenor of conduct seems in harmony with the Mind of the Founder of Christianity? Christianity is in a manner an experimental science. It must be tried before we can judge of its results. “Taste and see that the Lord is sweet,” are the words of the sacred writer. So we must react toward the past—to the golden visions that still loom on the horizon, for the eyes of faith—to the moral ideals ever ancient, ever new. When the vision dies the people perish!

This brings us to the truth that we must again turn our

eyes to that eternal city hard by the yellow Tiber—Rome—when sick at heart, looking for the things of peace and for the moral heroes and heroines that never die. The world is placed between utter ruin and restoration of law, and there is nothing to restore it but the moral power of the Papacy. Time was when the voice from the watch tower in the capitol of Christendom might have stilled the storm of this universal conflict which has shaken the whole world. That day is past but who shall say never to return? "All day long have I stretched forth mine arms to a foolish and gainsaying people but they would not."

Yet if the living authority of authentic Christianity cannot now, as of old, practically force itself upon a world which is already on fire with hatred, nevertheless its moral influence, principles, ideals cannot perish from the hearts of the faithful. It is to Rome then and to a heroine of the moral order that we come to learn a lesson and draw a contrast.

Rapt in imagination and with the light of love glistening in our eyes, we look toward the city of the ages. From the Porta Pia we follow the main road, the ancient Via Nomentana which crosses the broad Della Regina. We pass beautiful villas until we come to the American Academy of Arts of Rome. On the left, about a quarter of a mile further, stand the Catacombs and the Church of St. Agnes Outside the Walls. Even now, it has not lost some of the evidences of an early Christian basilica. It was built by Constantine over the tomb of St. Agnes. It has been reërected and restored several times and finally by Pius IX. in 1856. In this church are blessed the lambs from whose wool the pallia are woven for the archbishops of Christendom.

This church must not be confused with another church of St. Agnes, very rich and beautiful, within the confines of the city. The latter was built by Pope Innocent X. near the circus where our youthful virgin suffered martyrdom and exposure before the populace.

St. Jerome says in one of his letters of this resplendent figure of inviolate chastity, that "the tongues and pens of all nations were employed in her praises. None is more praiseworthy than she, for whose praise all mouths are fitted." "Her name," remarks St. Augustine in one of his sermons, "being interpreted, signifieth chaste in the Greek and a lamb

in the Latin language." St. Ambrose fixes her cruel death at the age of twelve. St. Augustine at thirteen. Even though she may have been more mature than our women at the same age, the tender youth of her martyrdom has touched the heart of primitive Christendom, from the fourth century to the present day. All agree on the youth of this virgin who won the martyr's crown. It is difficult to be precise about the time of her death. Prudentius makes it March in the year of Our Lord three hundred and three.

Agnes' exceeding beauty and wealth provoked the young noblemen of the most distinguished families in Rome. She had but one answer: that her heart was consecrated to a Lover beheld not by mortal eyes. At that moment she could have sung snatches of the Canticle: "And when I had a little passed by them I found Him Whom my soul loveth," or as the verse in her breviary lesson puts it: "He hath sealed me in my forehead that I may let in no other lover but Him."

Beauty incites love, and Jesus Christ, the comeliest moral beauty, provokes the fairest love. Our virgin and martyr saw in Him all the strength of the man and the tenderness of the woman. Her words in the first antiphon of the third nocturn of her office are: "I keep my troth to Him alone, at Whose beauty the sun and moon do wonder." Henceforward she was impregnable to the arts and importunities of her suitors. The bridal robes of perpetual chastity could never be for her the habiliments of night and of death. Unrequited desire when not perfected by restraint, may readily degenerate into violent wrath. So they who sought her hand in marriage and were refused, reported her to the Roman governor for a Christian.

The poetic panegyric of Pope Damasus, however, tells us that after the imperial edict, not of Diocletian against the Christians, but after Decius, she voluntarily declared herself to be a Christian. She was dragged with clanging chains before the idols of the heathen shrine. One pinch of incense offered before so chaste a goddess as Diana would have saved her but, says St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, she could not be compelled to even move her hand except to sign herself with the cross of Christ. Thrust into the fire, she gave no thought to the torment of the flames, but sought to shield her chaste body, with her wealth of soft hair, from the lecherous eyes of the heathen

mob. A foul cruelty it was! Fire failed. They clothed her, however, for her execution and loaded her with fetters but St. Augustine avers that she went to the place of her death more cheerfully than other maidens go adorned to their nuptials.

"I am wedded to the Lord of Angels—and His Blood is red on my cheeks."

"You may," said she, "stain your sword with my blood—it is consecrated to Christ."

The faces of some in the crowd turned white when Agnes gave her tiny hands to the iron shackles and bent her tender neck for the stroke. Some of the spectators wept—she herself shed not a tear. She quailed not. The hand of her murderer trembled as though he were the criminal—but his aim was direct. With one blow he cut her head from her body.

There is a lovely scene in one of the tragedies of the Greek poets—from the *Hecuba* of Euripides—which describes Polyxena's warm body severed from the head and rolling down the marble steps of the altar and how, conscious even in death of her modesty, she decently arranges her snow-white raiment over her limbs. The blessed Agnes sings in Matins: "The Lord hath clothed me with a vesture of wrought gold and adorned me with a necklace of great price. The Lord hath clothed me with the garments of salvation and hath covered me with the robe of joyfulness and hath set on my head a crown as the crown of a bride. He hath put pearls beyond price in mine ears and hath crowned me with the bright blossoms of the eternal spring-time."

St. Basil and Tertullian both witness that, during those early persecutions, Christ wonderfully interposed in defence of maidens who pledged their virtue to Him. Lewd profligates were seized with awe at the sight of them. So it was that a rude youth, who rushed at Agnes, was struck blind and fell trembling to the ground. The Holy One would not suffer His elect to see corruption. St. Cecilia so charged the air with the aroma of her moral presence that Valerian could no longer look upon her. Henry of Bavaria, Saint as well as King, closed his eyes and knelt a slave to the virtue of his Queen.

Primitive and mediæval Catholicism gave us thousands who retained, unprofaned, the consecrating dew of baptism until the sweet chrism of anointing touched the pallid forehead

of the dying. Even the senses of the body, so often the instruments of our humiliation, were won over to Christ.

From the graced decorum of the hair
Even to the tingling, sweet
Soles of the simple, earth-confiding feet.

Only at times does the modern mind know the merit and value of the ardor which is virginal—nor does it always appreciate a life of atonement and propitiation. Yet the ancient Romans, even in their period of moral decline, saw the sacredness of these blessed things. If the vestal virgin violated her vow, which she was to keep for a brief time, she was buried alive.

Some of the great efficient leaders of moral reform in the Church, like St. Dominic, St. Francis or Ignatius sought to cure prevailing vice by what the world would call the exaggeration of virtue. It is on this principle that the ideal of inviolate chastity is so necessary for modern life. If at the breath of an obscene word a saint would swoon away, should we not be moved to tears not only at our lost innocence but at our recklessness of speech and action? It would seem that we lose something of the angelic virtue when we discuss it. Yet in our modern methods of education, matters are investigated and studied by all which should make the morally sensitive shudder with confusion. Modesty is only a special circumstance of chastity, yet it is its complement and unfading flower. So incidental a thing as a prevailing dance may indicate how our standards have relaxed. Even the harmless instinct to enhance physical beauty may bring about the modern indignities of fashion.

As in the past so in the present we look to types like Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Anastasia and Cecilia. What a tremendous contrast. If the standards are lowered with woman they will be lowered in a greater degree with man. "Ye are the salt of the earth and if the salt be lacking where-with shall the earth be salted." "Yet the world can corrupt all things," says Lacordaire, "even so fair a thing as a woman." "Of all kinds of corruption," writes St. Francis de Sales, "the most malodorous is decaying lilies." To the general confusion which overshadows the region of thought, at present, woman has added another complex problem. She has thrust herself into the public conflicts of men. Into a game that is so rough

that she will be helpless both by nature and grace, in mind and body. Joan of Arc, even when guarded by angelic influences, slept in her steel armor for she was dealing with men. After the crisis she returned to her home and to the sheep feeding on the green grass of Domrémy. The modern woman must needs be thrice armed to meet the more subtle manipulations of political warfare.

Because of unjust economic conditions, woman has been mercilessly pressed into mercantile pursuits. Would it be an exaggeration to say, since all consider it an evil, that because of this she has lost something of the distinction of voice and manner always an indication of that delicate moral reserve which is the source of woman's incomparable charm? When the great thinker, St. Thomas Aquinas, wrote that the devout sex was *vix rationalis* he did not mean that it was *irrationalis*. He meant that it approaches the questions and sociological problems of life with the heart, rather than with the head. In the secret kingdom of that heart is born the power which redeems the world. Though the heart of a woman encompasses the world, its action is not public or external. Its influence is subtle, moral, interior. "My heart was dilated," sings the psalmist, "when I ran in the way of Thy Commandments."

So we hark back again to Rome and to a Roman maiden whose heart was so enlarged by the love of Christ that it broke forth like a flower from the fetid atmosphere of the catacombs outside the Roman walls. It pushed itself up through the earth and the stones of the sacred city to bloom for us today and forever in the garden of the moral world.

New Books.

A HISTORY OF SPAIN. By Charles E. Chapman, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.60 net.

Dr. Chapman has given us in one volume of five hundred pages the main features of Spanish history from the standpoint of America. With his colleagues, Professors Bolton, Priestly, Hackett and Stephens, he is attempting to correct the errors that have crept into many an American historical manual, due to the prejudice of the anti-Spanish, English and American schools. A better understanding between the peoples of the two Americas will be possible only when our scholars show a grasp of the wonderful work done by Spain in the colonization of the West, and a fair grasp of the outlines of Spanish history.

Emphasis has been laid throughout upon the growth of the civilization or institutions of Spain, rather than upon the narrative of political events, and the volume is so arranged topically that a teacher may select those phases of development which particularly interest him. Special stress has been laid upon the periods from 1252 to 1808, over half of the volume dealing with the years 1479 to 1808, because during this period Spanish civilization was transmitted to the Americas.

The work of Professor Chapman is for the most part based upon the *Historia de España y de la Civilización Española* of Rafael Altamira y Crevea. Certain chapters are new (32, 39 and 40), the last on present-day Spain being the writer's observations during a two years' residence there, from 1912 to 1914.

The writer is objective and impartial. Now and again he is guilty of a few slips, owing to his ignorance of things Catholic. For instance, it is inaccurate to state that divorce was allowed in mediæval Spain (1031-1276); that the monks of Cluny and the Popes, had to bring the Castilian Church into uniformity with Catholic teaching during that period; that concubinage was common among the clergy.

The professor corrects a false estimate, and declares emphatically that the Spaniards are not unusually cruel and vindictive, not lazy but excellent workers, not proud and arrogant though possessing a high sense of personal pride. They are brilliantly intellectual, highly emotional, courteous to a fault, great in literature and art, even if temperamentally averse to big business and the pursuit of scientific discoveries.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DAY'S WORK. By Edgar James Swift.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00 net.

Professor Swift's volume is an interesting and useful application of psychological studies and analyses to the actions of every day life. He remarks in his preface that, while the choice of possible topics is very wide, he has endeavored to select types of conduct fundamental to thinking and acting. In the course of his studies he touches on learning, memory, testimony and rumor, our varying selves; while the closing chapter deals with the psychology of digestion. He gives interesting charts showing the curious ups and downs in the process of learning. After a swift mount upwards the learner soon reaches a "plateau" (i. e., a period of standstill) where he may tarry for quite a while. The author thinks those periods of stagnation "are caused by the need of time for making the associations automatic." But learning cannot be rushed. There one must begin at the beginning and build slowly; the "finish-quick institution" is a delusion and a snare. What adds considerably to the interest of the professor's book is the aptness of his illustrations from general literature. Wells is quoted to show forth the disadvantages of organization, but at the same time its necessity. Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tales* is quoted to show the tricks played, or rather the mirage flung over the past, by memory. If we remember rightly this phenomenon was beautifully called by the great Jean Paul, "the moonlight of memory." The way inconsequent people wander from the point is illustrated by a passage from Meredith's *Evan Harrington*.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of the whole book is the one entitled "Our Varying Selves." We change from day to day, from hour to hour; frequently we are false to our true selves, and wreck our most cherished projects. We show sides of our character to one person that forever remain hidden to another. In the first three pages of the chapter the works of Stevenson, Howell and McClellan afford opposite passages in support of the thesis; further on Bancroft and Galsworthy are referred to. It seems to us, however, that there is a certain thinness and poverty about the illustrations of this last peculiarity. Is not literary history one long chorus of *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*? What contradictory selves were bound up in Bacon and Swift, in Coleridge and Shelley, in Verlaine and Tolstoy, in Goethe and Carlyle and countless others! Of course the trait might be illumined as with a limelight from religious history, but probably that *cinis dolosissimus* is best left unstirred.

PROPHETS OF DISSENT. By Otto Heller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

Under this title Professor Heller of Washington University, St. Louis, groups studies of Maeterlinck, Strindberg, Nietzsche, and Tolstoy. "Prophet of Dissenters" would be a more fitting appellation for Maeterlinck. For the specious Monism of this brilliant man of letters, who plays the philosopher, makes its chief appeal to those repelled by the baldness and crudity of dissent. However much the Transcendentalism of Emerson may have helped with other influences to inspire him, Emerson's ethics are substantial compared with Maeterlinck's muddled blend of materialism and mysticism. Doctor Heller's claim for him, as a spiritual guide whose teaching has stood the test of the War, is a gratuitous statement not supported by any evidence in his essay. He does not trace, with any attempt at clearness, the nebulous process of transition by which Maeterlinck passed from his early fatalism to a creed of affirmation such as his principle of self-realization represents. With Maeterlinck as a dramatist, he deals more adequately, showing how the mystery of fate and the experiences of the inward "deeper life" are shadowed forth in his plays.

Two extreme types of individualism are studied in the essays on Strindberg and Nietzsche. For Strindberg, the *halluciné* of genius whose opinions were so many records of his nervous reactions—of his "sensitiveness to pressure"—Doctor Heller holds no brief. Yet it is notable that his fearless veracity, exemplified in his conflicting attitudes toward life, is singled out for admiration, while his religious conversion is condemned as flagitious. Nietzsche is considered as "a study in exaltation." The exposition of his development from the pessimism of Schopenhauer through the Dionysianism of Wagner, and thence through a radical theory of Evolution to the cult of the Superman, is coherent and convincing. Doctor Heller absolves him from the imputation of being a formative influence in the scheme of World-Imperialism—he is, it seems, too much of a poet to be taken seriously as a statesman or politician. Yet it is admitted that he fostered, in an unmistakable manner, the class-consciousness of the aristocrat. He is, however, a vital factor of modern social development, inasmuch as he is a corrective of moral inertia, an "inspired apostle of action, power, enthusiasm and aspiration, in fine a prophet of Vitality and a messenger of Hope"—all this despite the confessed "weakness of his philosophy before the forum of Logic."

The critique on Tolstoy is informed with a thorough knowl-

edge of its subject. His genius as an artist is freshly interpreted, and his career is shown to illustrate the limpid Russian soul in its religious-mindedness and its naïve trend toward communism. While Doctor Heller pays due tribute to Tolstoy's moral earnestness he deprecates his radical departure in his views of art. He also poises on a delicate critical balance the nice question of Tolstoy's renunciation, and tests how nearly related to real poverty was the *simplesse* of his mode of living. Altogether his account of that great writer is one in which the reader will readily concur.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR. By General Ferdinand Foch.
Translated by J. de Morinni. New York: The H. K. Fly
Co. \$2.50 net.

How the student of literature would delight if some of the great masters had left a treatise on their own art! if, for instance, Shakespeare had told us how to produce a drama, Milton a sonnet, Scott a ballad or historical novel. We remember, of course, that Dante gave us *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, and a generation ago Stevenson *The Art of Writing*. These exceptions, however, only emphasize the rule that the *Di Majores* never initiate the profane into the secrets of their ravishing alchemy. But what is denied to the man of letters is granted to the man of war. For Marshal Foch, the most eminent soldier of today, has revealed his methods and ideas for the instruction of his brethren. The outstanding feature of the present work is its limpid and transparent simplicity. It is entirely untechnical, and may be read with pleasure by any intelligent reader. The Marshal divides his book into twelve chapters, wherein he sets forth the teaching, characteristics and methods of war: intellectual discipline, protection, the duties of the advance guard, strategic surprise and safety, decisive attack in battle. Already on the third page of his treatise he lays down the pregnant principle, whose application far transcends mere material conflicts: "Defeat . . . we shall find . . . later to be a purely *moral* result, the result of a state of mind, of discouragement, of fear brought on the vanquished by a combined use of moral and material factors employed simultaneously by the victor." It may be remembered that the general professing this creed, at the first battle of the Marne continued to attack in the face of overwhelming forces, and his elastic tenacity won the day. His famous message to Joffre ran: "My right is in rout, my left is retiring, I attack with my centre." Several historical battles are analyzed and dissected at length; and the mistakes of the commanders pointed out. Thus the whole of the seventh

chapter is devoted to a minute examination of the rôle of the advance guard at Nachod, a battle of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866. In this chapter the Marshal lays down another noteworthy and striking principle, and one opposed to that advocated by other military schools, namely, that obedience must not be slavish but intelligent, and that the Higher Command must leave a certain initiative to subordinates. "It will be always thus (*i. e.*, disastrous) when the Higher Command, lacking in broadness of view or in strength of will, seeks to substitute itself to its subordinates, to think and decide for them. In order to think and decide correctly it would need to see through their eyes, from the point where they stand; it would need to be everywhere at one time." The present translation by Major de Morinni is flowing and idiomatic.

THE WORLD PROBLEM: CAPITAL, LABOR AND THE CHURCH. By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.25 net.

Father Husslein in these interesting pages brings out clearly the mind of the Church on all the actual issues of Capital and Labor. He treats in a clear and popular fashion Socialism, Capitalism, the ethics of just price, trade unionism, monopolies, strikes, unemployment, the farm problem, the methods and possibilities of coöperation, the State and property, the woman worker, and the social aims of the Catholic Church.

The work is an able defence of Christian Democracy, that golden mean between the destructive extremes of Socialism and Individualism. We recommend it highly to all our social workers, and to the teachers in our schools and colleges.

THE PATRIMONY OF THE ROMAN CHURCH IN THE TIME OF GREGORY THE GREAT. By Edward Spearing. Edited by Evelyn M. Spearing. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

This scholarly monograph on the Patrimony of St. Peter in the time of Pope Gregory the Great is a most interesting study. Its six chapters deal with the growth of the Patrimony and its extent, its government, its organization, its relations with the State, the collection of the revenue, and the mode of expending it.

The writer has read carefully the writings of Gregory the Great, and the works of Grisar and Zaccaria on the Patrimony. He is perfectly fair and objective in his treatment of the facts, and brings out clearly the great ability of the Pope as administrator, and his boundless charity to the poor and afflicted. It is good to know that the vast income of the Patrimony was expended

almost entirely on religious and charitable objects. The view that the wealth of the Church was a fund held in trust for the poor is mentioned from the earliest times, and was continually reasserted by successive generations of Popes. Popes Gelasius and Gregory both speak of the Patrimony as *res pauperum*, and nobly did they carry out the Catholic idea of bounty towards Christ's poor. We read of Pope Gregory redeeming captives, stopping the oppression of the slaves and *coloni* on his vast estates, establishing *xenodochia*, the old time substitute for our modern asylums and hospitals, remitting debts, advancing loans, emancipating slaves, supplying food, clothes, and other necessities to individuals and cities.

THE HIGH ROMANCE. By Michael Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Williams' theme is his own return to the Faith that was his by baptism, but from which, in default of Catholic home training, he drifted away in early youth into complete indifference and alienation. The author calls the years preceding his conversion the wanderings of a man in search of his soul—wanderings physical as well as spiritual. Consistent with the discrimination drawn in his sub-title, "a spiritual autobiography," he has apparently made selection of those of his experiences that have most influenced him. These are, naturally, widely various. They represent the reactions of the complex temperament of a journalist and writer of fiction, obviously possessing, in full measure, the connoted keen observation of human affairs linked with romanticism and dreamy imaginativeness. He gives us a swift succession of reflections, solitary self-communings, impressions of men and things, bits of philosophical speculation, fragments of conversations, and reminiscences in which names are mentioned and personalities handled with journalistic frankness and *insouciance*. He also describes with entertaining satire the devious ways he traversed while searching for the key to life's secret, under the leadership of various "mystagogues."

The manner in which the material is presented gives the work a distinctive character. The author follows somewhat the lines of story-telling, inasmuch as he refrains from the usual open anticipations of the great climax, vicaciously re-living, as it were, what he describes, and by his spontaneity carrying his audience with him. This method is strikingly effective, and its happy result is that the appeal all similar confessions have for Catholics is so widened as to engage and fasten the attention of the general reader, whatever may be his religious proclivities, or

lack of them. This advantage is not acquired at the expense of the central subject, nor does the author's hold loosen, but rather strengthens, when the narrative reaches the momentous turning-point. To him, it is a marvelous tale of the supreme adventure, the high romance. From this angle he approaches it, and he does not fail of the impression he desires to produce.

Mr. Williams' message is preëminently that of a layman to layman, conveyed with a high degree of literary quality, magnetic charm, and humor. It has been his privilege to lay as a tribute at the feet of the Church a book of marked individuality and interest.

A MANUAL OF THE HISTORY OF DOGMAS. Vol. II. By Rev.

B. J. Otten, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50 net.

The first volume of this manual traced the history of dogmatic development from the beginning of the second century to the end of the ninth; this second volume follows that development up to the present time. Nine-tenths of the book is devoted to a study of mediæval theology with a special stress upon the history and development of the sacraments. The treatment of the Councils of Trent and the Vatican are all too brief, but the author pleads, in excuse, the limited scope of his text-book plan.

Father Otten's scholarly manual will prove invaluable to the educated Catholic layman, who desires to extend his knowledge of the Faith beyond the contents of his school catechism.

THE PEOPLE OF ACTION: A STUDY IN AMERICAN IDEALISM.

By Gustave Rodrigues. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Perhaps we do not really know ourselves, perhaps we are too big a nation to get a real perspective; in any event, reading M. Rodrigues' essay on American idealism is exactly like looking at a very flattering photograph of oneself. We fear it has been "touched up," that some of the lines are removed. And yet, the study is penetrating, sympathetic and wise.

The author's opening sentence is interesting—"America has been twice discovered; physically by Christopher Columbus, morally with President Wilson." He continues, "In the American we must see, not a materialist eager for enjoyment; he is precisely the contrary, an idealist in search of results." And the author expands this theory in studies of personal wealth, liberty, education, the man, the woman, the social organization, the national ideal, our international position and the League of Nations, until he is ready to draw a final conclusion in the words, "American idealism is not a theoretic idealism, conceived and formulated;

it is a practical idealism which springs from action itself. It is wholly in the creative impulse." Which is another way of defining what Mr. Roosevelt called "the strenuous life"—the most American phrase ever uttered about Americans.

Some of the brightest pages of the book are those devoted to the American millionaire and his rôle as an individual idealist. "Public spirit is, above all, incarnated in the very rich." Charity in America is intelligently given. Americans do not give blindly. Something of that same principle is evident in our international relations: our purpose in lending a hand across the seas is the realization of the American ideal of peace, the true fraternity which is reached through liberty and equality. "The Puritans endowed America with a conscience; owing to them she has become a conscience-directed force. . . . All Americans are not Protestants; far from it; but most of them, though perhaps unconsciously, are more or less Puritans," says M. Rodrigues. He goes on to show—which we hope is true—that the sincerity of faith in America is not a mere consent of the mind, but is an active, practical faith. We weigh religion for its results in daily life—"the American feels that his God is working beside him, and he works with Him." On the whole M. Rodrigues' study is a fair portrait, not too flattering save in some points where energetic statements over-value a national characteristic.

GUYNEMER, KNIGHT OF THE AIR. By Henry Bordeaux.

Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.60.

He who flew away into the clouds, whose name and final citation is engraven on the walls of the Pantheon, who had more than fifty recorded victories over the foe and innumerable others not officially recorded, possessed all the background and the intensity of youth from which heroes are made. Today, in France, school-boys know his citation and record by heart. Guynemer is fused into the soul of France.

This intimate and loving study of the young Roland of the air, written for the boys of France, is a keen analysis of the elements which made Guynemer's fame possible. Neither chance nor influence nor intuition gave him his place, but tireless application. He was a close student of aërial engines and guns, and was accounted among the finest technicians and marksmen in the French aërial service. Due to his discoveries many of the improvements made on later French combat machines were perfected. His successes were based on scientific accuracy and persistence. His record shows some seven hundred flights totaling

over six hundred and sixty-five hours in the air. In addition to these qualities was his *sang froid* which made him the example of the valiant Stork Escadrille and to fliers in all the armies.

M. Bordeaux describes him as "tall and spare, almost beardless, with an amber-colored, oval face and a regular profile, and raven hair brushed backwards." His eyes burned with a great fire, and his laughter was constant, but in combat his face was terrible to look upon. Modest, of simple demeanor, refined and playful, he was beloved of his family and the idol of France. After France, his parents and his sisters were his loves. Moreover, he was a devout and faithful Catholic.

His story is beautifully written by a dear friend. The text is a delightful piece of typographical perfection, lightened by occasional illustrations.

THE MYSTICAL LIFE. By Dom S. Louismet, O.S.B. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.10, postage extra.

Christian Science and various forms of New Thought today are putting forth doctrines of union with God, more or less tinged with error, and are obtaining a hearing. It is well that Catholics, and, indeed, all Christians, should be reminded that the true doctrine of union with God is found alone in the teachings of the Catholic Church. Her doctrines set forth a life of union with God all satisfying and most simple. The mystical life treated by Dom Louismet, is within the reach of every Christian, nay is demanded of every Christian, and all that is necessary to enter upon it is the state of grace and a little good will. Catholic traditional mysticism, according to our author, is the special soul experience of one still a wayfarer on earth, yet actually tasting and seeing that God is sweet.

In brief but most attractive outlines the author proceeds to set forth the part taken in the mystical life by the most Blessed Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—by the Church and by the individual himself. We heartily recommend this little volume to all Christians of all states and conditions of life. It may be particularly helpful to religious engaged in active external work, as the notion is current among them that the mystical life is not for them. A perusal of this work will open before them a vista of spiritual advancement most entrancing in prospect.

WAR MOTHERS. By Edward F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benzinger Brothers. 60 cents net.

This newest little volume from Father Garesché's pen owes its inspiration wholly to the Great War, and its appeal will not fail to

reach the myriads who have been touched, and shaken, by the omnipresent cataclysm of the past four years. The book is, in large part, a celebration of the *women* who, like their own pitiful Mother and the Mother of all earth's children, have stood so stanchly at the foot of their cross. It celebrates the *war mothers*; the brave workers who passed in review on "women's day;" the vicarious mothers whose love has reached out to embrace the countless orphans overseas.

As inspiration of all this active idealism, one of the best poems in the collection is sung to the glory of Jeanne d'Arc, her "country's avatar." And as concrete example of its practice close in our midst come the poems to Sergeant Joyce Kilmer. To him, indeed, the poet of our own Expeditionary Forces, the whole book is dedicated in a graceful and heartfelt tribute. The verses of the present volume are written almost wholly in that loose but highly musical and emotional ode-form which Father Garesché uses with remarkable facility and felicity. They represent some of the richest work the young priest has yet given us, and should comfort many a lonely war mother's heart.

JACQUELINE. By John Ayscough. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50 net.

Admitting, as we must, that no subsequent effort by "John Ayscough" has equaled the rich beauty of *Marotz* or the splendor of imaginativeness attained in *Dromina*, it is yet true that everything that comes from this author displays afresh the qualities that have given him his eminent place in the affections of the reading public: the leisured, witty grace, the wisdom and humor, the pervading sense of Divine love, the warm human sympathy, and the delineation of character which in each new book increases our circle of friends. In *Jacqueline* we meet several such, notably the shrewd, kindly, only half-worldly worldling, Miss Graystocke, whose companionship lightens the tragic interest with which we watch the noble and pathetic figure of the heroine, Jacqueline, as she steadfastly fulfills her chosen lot of self-immolation in the service of an insane mother. Her malady has taken the shocking form of non-recognition of her daughter, followed by a dislike that deepens into jealousy and murderous hate. This mental condition is depicted with such skill as to make one inclined to wish occasionally that it were not so well done. It is made bearable by the author's unerring taste and the impression he conveys throughout of the vigilant mercy of God. All that Monsignor Bickerstaff-Drew presents to us is welcome, *Jacqueline* no less so than its predecessors.

AMBASSADOR MORGENTHAU'S STORY. By Henry Morgenthau. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00.

Mr. Morgenthau is evidently a chess player. From the first page of his vitally interesting book you become aware of the men with whom he is to play the gigantic game of national honor and human existence. You see what moves they can make, and you watch the game grow more complicated until, hopelessly beaten by a gang of knaves, he is obliged to relinquish his place. The men he played against were Wangenheim, the German ambassador, Liman Von Sanders, German head of the Turkish army, Admiral Veedom, the Berlin representative in the Turkish navy, Talaat Bey, the political "boss" of the Young Turks, misnamed the "Committee of Union and Progress," Enver Pasha, dandy of the court, and the despicable police commissioner Bedri Bey.

The intention of the game was to embroil Turkey in the War, and its progress was clearly marked. The first move was Von Sander's assuming control of the Turkish army and Germany's wrath at our selling two battleships to Greece. With the second the Turkish army is mobilized! With the third the *Goben* and the *Breslau* are smuggled into the Golden Horn and claimed to be sold to the Turkish navy, whereas, in reality, they were still under German control. The fourth sees the lamented failure of the Gallipoli campaign—lost at the last moment when the Turks were ready to capitulate. And finally, with Turkey completely under German domination, the massacre of the Armenians—almost a million of them—finds the golden Crescent wreaking hideous vengeance on the traditional enemy within their borders. Failure to awaken the humanitarian feelings of those in power, caused Ambassador Morgenthau to give up in despair and ask for his release. He, a Jew, fought to the last for Christians who were being massacred—fought against the domination of another Christian power, and lost.

There is no more tragic story in all history than the murder of the Armenians by the Turks during this War. Nor do the annals of diplomacy record a braver or keener fight put up by the representative of a Christian power for those in distress than that waged by Mr. Morgenthau and his wife. Although Mr. Morgenthau records crowded days and moments, it is clearly written between the lines that many of his activities could not be set down for the public. What he discloses forms a valuable record of a brilliant fight for humanity. It is a record of which Jew and Christian can alike be proud, for Mr. Morgenthau is above all American, and as America's ambassador served faithfully in a land of darkness.

THE GREAT THOUSAND YEARS AND TEN YEARS AFTER. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. \$1.00.

The first of these articles is a reprint. It was published in England in 1910, though actually written two years earlier. In it Dr. Cram presents the theory that the really great and significant movements in human affairs occur in periods of approximately five hundred years; that the great thousand years of the Christian era are those from 500 to 1500, when the ascendancy of monasticism caused poverty, chastity and obedience to represent, even to the secular mind, the highest ideals of life; that the modern civilization which is the outcome of the rejection of mediævalism is approaching its fall with the end of this century, thus rounding out its five hundred years; and that it can be saved from darkest ruin only by a revival of those principles that made glorious the Middle Age of which it is so contemptuous. In *Ten Years After*, the author points out how strikingly the events of the last four years have substantiated the ideas and forebodings expressed a decade ago, although he says, "neither I nor anyone else looked forward to the possibility of a world war as a possible joint crowning and destruction of that 'modern civilization' in which we had no confidence and for which we expressed no admiration." His prophecies were based upon a conviction that our civilization has become intolerable, is self-destructive, and has, in point of fact, "collapsed through its own impossible unwieldiness."

The slender volume is absorbingly interesting, written in Dr. Cram's most fascinating manner; and its tone of vigorous, definite constructiveness contrasts poignantly with some recent utterances of thoughtful non-Catholics, who survey the surrounding wreckage with consternation but without vision, and seem, at best, unable to do more than "faintly trust the larger hope."

TALES FROM BIRDLAND. By T. Gilbert Pearson. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Pearson is a most beguiling storyteller. These charming tales, full of interest and fascination, hold heroes in plenty, to suit every taste, from Hardheart the Gull to a pair of bird ghosts. The habits of birds, from Maine to Oregon, are pictured with fidelity, and most entertainingly. The writer has lived among birds, and has seen that whereof he writes—both tragedy and comedy. The illustrations add greatly to the value and interest of the book, making it altogether satisfactory. *Tales from Birdland* will be a welcome gift to any boy or girl.

HORIZONS. By F. Hackett. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$2.00.

The content of this volume is a collection of criticisms of novels and drama, originally published in the Chicago *Evening Post* and the *New Republic* during the last ten years. They are sufficiently individualistic and strikingly expressed to make their re-publication understandable; nevertheless, they do not pertain to the enduring literature of criticism. Mr. Hackett gives allegiance to the modern school which vaunts that queer self-improvement resulting from repudiation of cultural traditions. His views lack the width and depth necessary to interest the reader who has no pre-knowledge of the subject in hand. He is at his best in the second portion of the book wherein he deals with stage productions, a department in which writing of this evanescent character seems less inappropriate.

THE LIFE OF ADRIENNE D'AYEN, MARQUISE DE LA FAYETTE. By Margaret Guilhou. Translated by S. Richard Fuller. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

This little volume—it is scarcely more than an essay—is interesting mainly for the side-lights it gives upon the life of the husband of the central figure. The Marquise de La Fayette was a worthy companion to her distinguished husband, sharing to the full his liberal and generous ideas and interfusing them with a piety sincere and deep. Her life was a fairly long one, checkered by the varying fortunes into which her husband fell; she was adored, with him, in the early stages of the Revolution, and also shared the odium which finally settled on him, and was responsible for his long imprisonment at Olmutz. His lot there became literally her own, for she journeyed after him and insisted upon becoming his fellow prisoner. They were finally released, after the Marquis had been incarcerated five and his wife two years. The death of the Marquise was a saintly one, well befitting one who had been “so high minded, so heroic in the tragic events of life, so kind, so affable, so simple in the daily routine, so French and so Catholic.”

TALES OF WAR. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

The touch of Lord Dunsany's pen is at once light and penetrating. Beneath the artistry of his surface words lies something macabre, ironical and sinister. He turns on the light suddenly, gives you a glimpse, and switches it off again. His laughter terminates in a scream, and his scream in ringing laughter.

These impressions, produced by previous books, are con-

firmed by this new volume, *Tales of War*. He himself has been in the War. As captain of the Fifth Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers he saw active service in Gallipoli and in France. In both areas he was in close contact with the terrible and awesome events of sudden death, murderous attack and the exquisite agony of men going down in battle. The thirty-five or more sketches that comprise the volume are short slices of life under those circumstances. Some of them are very lovely, but all have that mad echo which runs through his plays.

Although this volume is slight and uneven in quality Dunsany has succeeded in doing what many men have tried—and failed to do. For the realities of terror are rarely on the surface; they lie below and are seen only in adumbration, heard only in echo. The artist leaves the echo and the shadow to his readers—and Dunsany is an artist.

THE OFFENDER AND HIS RELATIONS TO LAW AND SOCIETY. By Burdette G. Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

The important subject of the handling of the criminal receives detailed and interesting treatment at the hands of Mr. Lewis. His book falls into two main parts: the treatment of the criminal, and the prevention of crime.

In its practical recommendations as to concrete cases, Mr. Lewis' book should prove valuable. The idea that punishment shall, whenever possible, be fruitful in future good to the prisoner, that he shall enjoy considerable normal work and recreation, the ideas of the humane treatment, the training in gainful occupations, and, in a limited sense, the education, of the prisoner, are sound and are supported with a wealth of definite illustration. Agreement, however, on the value and soundness of some of Mr. Lewis' social theories would not be so general. In one of his summarizing sentences Mr. Lewis enunciates the principle which animates his whole book: "Society has pattered with symptoms instead of attacking causes. It has proceeded too long upon the old eighteenth-century conception of free will and of equality. It has assumed that all men are created and endowed with equal ability, and that if each man is free from artificial restraints, he will be able to care for himself; therefore, that the individual is to be fettered as little as possible, and to be allowed to develop under conditions of free competition. *These theories go contrary to facts.*"

That many so-called offenders are apparently the product of forces beyond their control, is recognized by all sane criminologists,

and effort is directed along Mr. Lewis' own lines of frustration, as far as possible: to prevent the evil effects of those forces before it becomes too late. But to make allowance for the possible lack of perfect freedom of choice in the actions of a section of criminals, is a very different thing from building a system of prison reform which excludes the fact of free-will altogether. Mr. Lewis nowhere says explicitly that his system does so, but this would seem to be the plain implication of the quoted statement and the whole tenor of his plan. By such a proceeding, society would renounce considerably more than it gained.

The most radical proposal made is for the indeterminate sentence. The difficulties and frequent injustices of the present flat-sentence system are evident enough, but a system giving great power to be wielded at what would always be more or less arbitrary private discretion, may easily become the graver danger of the two. The idea that punishment should fit offence, and that offences may vary in inherent quality though externally the same, has a helpful truth in it. But it is a truth very easy and very dangerous to over-stress.

This tendency to remove the uniform and the automatic to the last possible degree, substituting instead highly individualized treatment for each prisoner, is illustrated again by Mr. Lewis' faith in the expert: the psychologist, the neurologist, the psychiatrist, the specialist in brain and nervous diseases. Without belittling the great service of medical science in dealing with the difficult problems presented by criminals, it may be questioned whether it is wise to build too confidently on the professional infallibility of doctors and scientists. Not that the proposed system necessarily does so; but it is a development easily possible. Science avoids dogmatizing. Its professors are not always so cautious.

The second section of the book discusses, often constructively and helpfully, the prevention of crime. The recognition of the part taken by play and healthful amusement, of the function of the normal home and the normal school, in the formation of sound character, is a feature of the discussion. The author's educational theory is more tentative than the principles on prison reform laid down in the first part of the book. His plan would seem to embody a strong criticism of the present academic system—too strong, perhaps.

But Mr. Lewis' study is earnest and exhaustive. It indicates hard work, a strong grasp of the practical aspect of the subject, and a very active social conscience. Further, he explicitly recognizes that religion has a place in the solution of the problems to which he has set himself.

THE CITY OF TROUBLE: PETROGRAD SINCE THE REVOLUTION. By Meriel Buchanan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

The atmosphere of Miss Buchanan's book is not unlike that remarkable passage in Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale*, in which he describes the siege of Paris from the inside room of a *pension*. Miss Buchanan is the daughter of the British ambassador to Russia, so that not only is her information of a favored kind but her viewpoint is from a reasonably safe window in the embassy. The book lays no claim to be a political discourse on the causes of the change of government, rather it is a book of effects. Because Mr. Tereschenko or General Knox calls up in some moment of grave crisis, and the embassy suddenly bristles with guards, the reader feels close to the centre of the maelstrom, although, in reality, he sees only the back-work. For the book is a series of impressions, grim and tragic and at times delightful—a portfolio of color sketches by a brilliant observer who is obviously young, and hugely in love with life, very much a woman, delicate and well-bred, and very gifted with power of the pen.

It is a book on how things happened, not why—how the old army officers looked on the shame of their country, how gentlewomen received the insults of the rabble with fortitude, how homes were looted and passers-by murdered for the sheer joy of murdering, how the speeches of Lenine and Trotzky deceived the mob into hoping for instant bread and peace and what that mob thereupon did, and finally, how the Bolsheviki, completely under the domination of the Germans, drove out from their country all those who represented the Allied powers and stable government. This last meant the withdrawal of Sir George Buchanan and the flight of his family through Finland to the safety of the Swedish border. The book ends with the mists of Scotland—dank, but welcome.

To that growing library of literature on the effects of the Russian Revolution *The City of Trouble* is a genuine contribution. It tells the horrible, hideous truth without attempting to mitigate, as many pseudo-Russian authorities are doing, the misdeeds and rascality of the Bolsheviki. It says quite frankly that in those dark days even the churches were deserted. Before the miracle-working icons a solitary candle would burn. Alas, since those notes were written, the icons have been stripped from the walls and the sacredness of worship set at naught. But vengeance will be His, and He will take it in His own time. In His own hour He will bring peace to this "city of trouble" and to the divided Russian peoples.

THE STAR IN THE WINDOW. By Olive Higgins Prouty. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50 net.

The characters of this book live far from the war zone in a small New England village, Ridgefield, Massachusetts. The main figure is Rebecca Jerome, daughter of the family that lives in the white house at 89 Chestnut Street. From the beginning the fates are all against Rebecca. She lives with a miserly father, an invalid mother, and a masculine Aunt Augusta. Cousin Pattie Patterson, one of the restless, flashy rich, is the Providential instrument who, by her motto "In spite of—" kindles into a flame the fire of independence which had been smoldering for years in Reba's heart. The rest of the story deals with Reba's various escapades in trying to free herself from the gloomy bondage of a melancholy Puritanism. She succeeds admirably, becomes a cheerful member of society, and emancipates, also, the individuals of her family from their ancestral gloom. Even the daring step of marrying an almost total stranger, an untaught sailor, in order to secure her liberty, turns out happily. He is a diamond in the rough, requiring only favorable circumstances to be completely cut and polished. The war supervenes upon the discovery of their love for each other, and the final chapter ends with Reba's happy letter to her husband in the service.

The characterization in this story is very true to life. However, the action is so very unusual as to require great realism of treatment to make it plausible. The story is interesting, but it is weakened, not strengthened in probability, by its almost artificially happy ending.

HER IRISH HERITAGE. By A. M. P. Smithson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.30 net.

The true Faith, and devotion to the cause of Irish nationalism, form the heritage into which Clare Castlemaine comes, as the result of a visit to the house of an uncle in Ireland. She is the daughter of an Irish Catholic mother and has received baptism. Having lost her mother in infancy, she has grown to womanhood under the sole guardianship of her father, an Englishman of good character, but an atheist. When upon his death her mother's brother extends to her an urgent invitation to his home, she has all the unbeliever's prejudice against the Church, and the average English ignorance concerning the real conditions in the other island. There has been no intercourse between her father and his brother-in-law, therefore she enters a household of total strangers. She not only learns to share their ardent patriotism, but by observation of their profoundly devout and vital Cathol-

icism and its practical demonstrations, she is led to make her submission. This portion of the book is well planned and consistently developed, more so than the parts which deal with the uprising of 1916. The work is dedicated to the memory of the men who died on that occasion, and the tragedy is instrumental in furthering the love story. The tone of the novel is high and its literary quality above the average. Notwithstanding the intensity of feeling with which its interest is sustained, moderation is preserved.

THE LURE OF THE NORTH. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.40.

The Lure of the North is a clean-cut, fascinating story of the Canadian Northwest. The heroine after months of exciting adventures discovers, with the aid of the hero, a silver mine located by her father many years before. The best part of the book is its dramatic picturing of life and nature in the Northern wilderness. The villain of the piece meets his just deserts, and the lovers marry and are happy ever afterwards.

THE CATHOLIC HOME. By Father Alexander, O.F.M. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25 net.

Father Alexander presents a most reasonable and persuasive plea for the restoration to the home of "some of its time-honored prestige." It addresses itself to all classes of society, the author showing sympathetic understanding of the various causes that have led to the present eclipse, in the general view, of the home's importance and influence. He points out to Catholics the necessity for its reestablishment, and how this may be accomplished without an isolating abandonment of modern ideas. Encouragement for hope of a healthful reaction may be found in his opening words: "Only when a cherished thing is in danger of perishing, does its value appear to the many." He sets forth this value in thoughts so forceful and so beautifully expressed that the book should have a place in every parish library.

YOUR BETTER SELF. By Humphrey J. Desmond. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 50 cents.

The *motif* of this little brochure may best be expressed in the lines:

Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

It has the same heartening quality, the cheery spirituality that characterizes the author's other books: *The Larger Values*, *Little*

Uplifts, etc. Its distinct literary flavor helps to make its counsels more acceptable. The booklet is intended as an appeal to one's better self, to rally one out of weak compliance with much that is paltry and sordid in contemporary manners and morals. Mr. Desmond plies a light discursive pen in his campaign against the debasing influences of unbelief, the excesses of Modernism, Feminism, Socialism, and the practice of ignoble accommodation in matters of conscience. He pleads eloquently for an assertive religion, which will interest itself more actively in social reform, and states one home truth with refreshing downrightness: "A great war comes in an age which bows to the fallacy that secularism should wholly control politics, and Christianity should be 'separated' out of all influence in government." Not the least merit of the little book is the novelty of illustration with which it enforces the necessity of moral earnestness for any real success in life.

THE GREATER VALUE. By G. M. M. Sheldon. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 55 cents.

These familiar talks with little children of the things of greater value should be most suggestive and helpful to mothers in showing how truly simple are the things of God and that a little child may be taught to breathe in the life of the spirit as naturally as the air about him.

The line drawings by Gabriel Pippit add greatly to its attractions, and show a most welcome advance over the illustrations of Catholic juvenile literature in the past.

YOUR SOUL'S SALVATION. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J.
YOUR INTERESTS ETERNAL. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J.
New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net, each.

Father Garesché tells us that these volumes are to give Catholics in the world a convenient series of reading bearing on their own spiritual advancement, the help of their neighbor, and the defence and spread of the Church. They consist of informal, direct and chatty conferences on spiritual reading, meditation, the blessings of daily Mass, prayer, the recitation of the rosary, the reading of good books, the need of Catholic education, the love of God and the like.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE. Revised Edition. By Goff and Mayne. New York: American Book Co. 96 cents.
Messrs. Goff and Mayne were among the first to publish a manual dealing with the primary principles of elementary agri-

culture. It is a testimony to the influence of their work that it should still be sufficiently in demand to call for revision. The chapters are short, the materials for illustrative work accessible, while the colored plates and other illustrations are clear and do really illustrate. One may wonder what is the aim of many agricultural manuals: whether they aim to produce a state geologist or a farmer, so abstruse are the scientific explanations imparted. This little volume leaves one in no doubt of its practical purpose. Great attention is devoted to wheat, corn, and semi-tropical fruits. Questions and exercises are given at the close of each chapter and a few projects to be carried out. In fine, it combines most happily theory with practice.

NOT TAPS BUT REVELLE. By Robert Gordon Anderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 60 cents.

These few pages *In Memoriam*, tell the story of a life typical of so many nowadays—completed, made perfect, though scarce begun. All unconsciously, a simple soul epitomized God's purpose in such lives saying: "We always pick the beautiful flowers."

This young hero had so lived that he need not fear to die, and has left in the record of his short years a comfort and inspiration to his sorrowing friends.

THE REAL CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By Mrs. W. A. King. New York: Frederick Pustet Co. 10 cents.

In the guise of a conversation between two women, the author sets forth the Catholic position towards Christian Science, with explanation of the reasons for this stand and exposition of the weakness of the too-popular delusion. The argument is clearly and forcibly put, and has the great merit of unflinching Christian courtesy. The tiny pamphlet, privately printed, deserves wide circulation.

PRIMERAS LECCIONES DE ESPAÑOL. By Carolina Marcial Dorado. Boston: Ginn & Co. 96 cents.

These first lessons have been arranged with more than ordinary care to facilitate the study of the Spanish language and hold the interest of beginners. The exercises for filling in the different parts of speech are particularly good, as they afford opportunity of reviewing the word with its gender, number, etc., and the various tenses of the verb. The rendering of the English sentences into Spanish is uncommonly free and natural. The grammatical rules and explanations are given in English, with drill and conversations in Spanish.

STEEP TRAILS. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
\$3.00 net.

Lovers of the West Country will be grateful to Mr. William F. Badé for editing these posthumous papers of John Muir. No one ever loved the West more than this well-known naturalist, and no one ever wrote more enthusiastically of its life in the old days of the seventies. This volume describes the mountain sheep or bighorn of the Sierra Nevada, the beauties of the Grand Cañon and the Yosemite, the grandeur of Mount Shasta and Mount Ranier, the dead towns of Nevada, and the rivers of Oregon.

IN *A New Solution of the Pentateuchal Problem*, Dr. Melvin Grove Kyle calls attention to some facts which demand consideration in any attempt to solve the Pentateuchal problem. He analyzes the legal terms of the Pentateuch and comes to the conclusion that, while some are of a generic nature, such as Law, Words, Covenant, Testimony, others are strictly technical and therefore not synonymous, *v. g.*, Judgments and Statutes; the term "Commandment" is usually technical although also used generically.

Further investigation led to classification of styles. The character of the style depends mostly on the subject matter and aim of the author; as occasion demands, the style is mnemonic, descriptive or hortatory. It is the claim of Dr. Kyle that by dividing the Pentateuch according to the "kinds and uses of laws" (the two main facts established above), the sections correspond almost exactly with the divisions of the Documentary Theory. If so, it is useless to have recourse to the latter hypothesis, since the new solution is based on well established facts. Dr. Kyle, therefore, adheres to the Mosaic authorship.

The second part of the treatise deals with some difficulties raised by the Documentary Theory, most of which had already been treated in the author's *Deciding Voice of the Monuments*.

This interesting and instructive little pamphlet is published by the author at Xenia, Ohio. The appearance of such a monograph is welcome, for the Pentateuchal problem is still unsolved.

PJ. KENEDY & SONS have issued two publications that will be singularly helpful in the devotional life of our Catholic people. The first is entitled *The Lay Folk's Ritual*. It gives both the Latin and the English text used in the administration of those sacraments at which the laity commonly assent; to this are added the rite of confirmation; the order of the Mass; the Nuptial Mass and Masses for the dead.

The second publication is an attractive booklet, entitled *The Order and Canon of the Mass*. Besides what its title indicates it gives in both Latin and English a preparation and a thanksgiving. Each of the publications includes prefaces of singular value from the pen of Dom Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B.

The price of the first is \$1.10: and of the second 30 cents.

THE PRISONER OF LOVE is a book of special devotions to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Father Lasance is the compiler, and the treasury he presents will be a welcome help, particularly in our visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The book is published by Benziger Brothers, New York. In imitation leather the price is \$1.25; and in finer bindings it ranges from \$1.50 to \$3.50.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to a publication particularly suited as a gift book for children. It is entitled *The Lord Jesus—His Birthday Story Told for You by Little Children*. The story is told in a way that will interest the child's mind and printed with illustrations that will please his eye. It sells for fifty cents a copy and is published by The Extension Press, 223 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

PPETER REILLY of Philadelphia has issued a Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, edited by Rev. James J. Duffy. It gives the office of the Sodality; the office for the faithful departed, and a collection of suitable hymns. The type is large and the entire arrangement convenient.

GINN & CO. of Boston have brought out the "First Reader" (36 cents) of *The Corona Readers*, a series compiled by Egan, Brother Leo Fassett, and based on the Beacon Phonetic System. Others of the series will follow in rapid succession. The book is so graded as to assist the child to independent progress, and impart a taste for good literature early in life. Many of the lessons may be used for the purpose of dramatization, thus aiding oral composition as well as expression in reading. The hymns and illustrations are calculated to aid memory and imagination.

Recent Events.

France.

The reception given by the French people to President Wilson shows how close is the bond of sympathy now existing between the two countries. In the speeches of the President of the French Republic and of the President of the Municipal Council of Paris voicing the welcome of France, will be found not merely evidence of France's gratitude to this country for the assistance given her, but also the expression of the French mind as to the treatment to be accorded the enemy who has wrought such havoc in that country. It is hard to say which of the two, Clemenceau or Foch, is to be looked upon as the saviour of France from the catastrophe which impended. To both of them the hearts of the country have gone forth in gratitude. These two men were the agents, but they were only the agents of Divine Providence to save France and the world from the destruction which seemed so near. Nor must it be forgotten that to the prayers and Communion of children, Marshal Foch attributed his own success. Doubtless he would be the first to acknowledge his further debt to the Masses and prayers offered up by the priests who devoted themselves to the service of France in the ranks of the army and to the religious who ministered by the thousands to the sick and wounded. With military operations so happily closed, France is turning her attention to political questions. During the course of the War neither parliamentary nor municipal elections have taken place. Consequently it is now necessary to renew the Chamber of Deputies and that part of the Senate whose term of office has expired. An election to this end will take place as quickly as possible. A question agitating the country before the War broke out, was the adoption of the *scrutin de liste* instead of the method of election by which the present Chamber of Deputies was chosen. This is not to be revived at present, for it would take too long to arrive at a settlement of this question, and in M. Clemenceau's opinion, the Chamber of Deputies which has borne the heat and burden of the day, has the clear right to the honor of voting on the Peace Treaty. The Deputies who have been through the fire, literally and figuratively, may confidently present themselves before the citizens who elected them in 1914. In view of the attitude of many Socialists, and for fear of the propagation of Bolshevism in the country the Government has decided to retain martial law for the present.

Belgium.

The freeing of Belgium from the invader must not be passed over. Although the event is great and glorious it may be summed up in a few words. The King and Queen, acclaimed by the entire population, have entered successively the chief cities which have long suffered from the presence of the invader, and now Aix-la-Chapelle, within the border of Prussia, where thirty-two German emperors and kings have been crowned, is garrisoned by Belgian troops. Parliament has reassembled and the extension of the franchise to women, together with the abolition of educational, professional and other qualifications for votes which is promised, will place the country upon a more democratic basis than ever before.

A new Cabinet has been formed to replace the one which has been carrying on the Government in exile at Havre. The new Cabinet is to consist of six Catholics, three Socialists and three Liberals. The question has been raised, it is to be hoped not by any very influential section, of the annexation to Belgium of that part of Holland on the south side of the river Scheldt. Belgium, of course, to pay a purchase price. Others go farther and wish to annex the Dutch province of Limberg, which juts into Belgium on its eastern confines. Yet others seek to restore to Belgium the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. It is a pity that these questions should be raised while so many others remain to be settled. Holland, indeed, has remained neutral and has perhaps been somewhat too favorable to Germany, but, on the other hand, she has shown herself benevolent to the refugees from Belgium who have taken shelter within her border. Anything which would cause bad feeling between the two adjacent countries is to be deprecated.

Russia.

The new year, 1919, opens with a world made fairly safe for democracy, except in what is called the republic of Russia. In fact, not only is the rest of the world made safe, but appreciable progress in democratic institutions has been made or is being made. Of this, the adoption in our own country, by so many States, of woman suffrage is an evidence. Great Britain, notwithstanding the preëccupations of war has passed a franchise reform which practically gives manhood suffrage to every male inhabitant of the United Kingdom and, by shortening the period of registration, enables the workingmen to put a larger proportion of their number on the list of voters than ever before. Further, by giving a vote to women who have attained the age of thirty, some five millions have been added to the electorate. As a result, the

voters of the United Kingdom have been more than doubled, numbering some twenty millions in all. In Belgium, now so happily freed from the grasp of the Germans, an extension of the franchise is on the point of being made; fancy qualifications are to be removed and women voters included in the list. No change of such a sweeping character has been made or is contemplated, as far as we know, in any other country where constitutional government has been established. The disaster which has befallen autocracy in its effort to attain preëminence, will undoubtedly strengthen democratic institutions in all countries.

Within the Teutonic realms nothing very certain can be predicted about democratic progress. The present outlook indicates that throughout what was the German Empire and Austria-Hungary, the nations which are to spring from the ruins, will establish institutions of a strictly and even a highly developed democratic character. At the present moment, indeed, there are, provisionally, something like half a dozen republics and a kingdom founded on the fullest representation of the people. It may be noted how firmly the republican institutions of France have stood the test of the War, no sign, even in the darkest days, having shown itself of any royalist or Bonapartist attempt to restore the monarchy. Caillaux's project to establish a dictatorship failed utterly, leaving its author a prisoner. Perhaps the most autocratic of the Allied Powers is the empire of Japan which, indeed, has a constitution, but a constitution avowedly modeled on the lines of Germany. It, therefore, makes the emperor and his ministers irresponsible to parliament. A movement, however, to effect a change and to make the emperor's ministers responsible to the people, is growing and has acquired such strength that, on the last change of ministry, the principle of responsibility was almost openly recognized.

In Russia, however, the government of the Bolsheviki still survives, notwithstanding the many prophecies of its overthrow. Although nominally republican, its government is as absolute and as despotic as was the Tsar's in its worst days. Indeed, it makes no claim to be a constitutional government in any form or shape, until, at least, it shall have secured complete control by victory, or the extirpation of every other class. This purpose to exterminate every class of society possessed of any means of support except daily labor, is openly avowed. In the cities of Moscow and Petrograd no one is sure of his life. No trial is given to those who have been arrested merely on suspicion, and large numbers are executed every day without examination or defence. The excuse offered is that this method was only resorted to after the

Allies entered Russia to preserve the rights of man. A close examination of the dates will prove this excuse false. Murders have, indeed, become more numerous since then, but they began long before. They find their reason not merely in the natural opposition of the *bourgeoisie* to the confiscation of everything they possess, but to the philosophical doctrine which is at the base of Bolshevik activities. "Man is to be considered as the product of conditions; the social struggle is, therefore, to be carried on with the aim of attaining a radical improvement of conditions. But the mental armor of the Social Revolutionaries includes the principle that conditions are the product of personalities and that, therefore, in the first place responsible personalities must be exterminated."

When life is taken thus promiscuously it is not likely that property will be spared. Houses and furniture are requisitioned by the Government alike from poor and rich, and, at the Government's behest, their occupants are forced to leave their homes and find shelter for themselves as best they can. When what goes by the name of government, is practising murder and robbery, it is no wonder that the lawless classes throughout the country do likewise. So from one end of Soviet Russia to the other, the conditions of life have become almost intolerable. The prospect of starvation adds to the terror of the situation. Yet the power of Lenine and Trotzky does not seem to wane. Recent accounts, indeed, indicate quite the contrary.

Bolshevik troops have been making new attempts to invade Finland, while the Baltic Provinces now being evacuated by the Germans, notably Esthonia, are threatened with invasion and devastation, and are appealing to the Allies for help and protection. The British fleet is said to have arrived at Reval, doubtless for the purpose of giving the asked-for assistance. A later report, which seems incredible, is to the effect that the Bolshevik army is advancing along a front of four hundred miles stretching from the Gulf of Finland to the Dneiper River. It is reported to be destroying everything in its path, and to have been joined by many German soldiers who formerly occupied those districts. The Bolshevik Ambassador at Berlin has attempted the peaceful penetration of Germany since the Kaiser's abdication, but his efforts to extend the Bolshevik propaganda have been thwarted by the German Government.

So many small states have been formed out of Russia, in accordance with the Bolshevik doctrine of self-determination, that it is impossible to say accurately how much of the former empire is under the control of the Soviet Government. The military opera-

tions undertaken by this country in coöperation with Japan and the western Allies, have been so successful in Siberia that all the district east of Lake Baikal has been freed from Bolshevik domination. No word as to what has become of the Czecho-Slovaks who were operating in this district, and on the Volga, has reached this country. In Northern Russia, in the district south of Archangel, owing to the mildness of the winter, hostilities between the American and British forces and the Bolsheviki have continued. It would appear that success is not always with the Allies. This fact has rendered the call for more men imperative. Within the new states there are also internal troubles, and at least one revolution has taken place. The Government at Omsk, which aspires to bring unity to Russia and to be itself the all-Russian Government, has had a *coup-d'état*. The reins of power have been taken by Admiral Kolchak. It is said this was due to dangers menacing the safety of the state. While the change has met with the approbation of the Allies, it is opposed by General Semenov who, in Eastern Siberia, has actively opposed the Bolsheviki for a long time. It is to be hoped, however, that these internal dissensions will not prevent the all-Russian Government from restoring order to Russia. On its success many hopes have been placed. Recent news from Russia, however, seems to regard any unassisted attempt to form a stable government there, as doomed to failure. Perhaps the most important question at the present time is whether or not such assistance shall be given by this country or by the Allies. Experts are divided on the question whether the principles of Bolshevism will spread into Germany. Evidence exists that they have widely permeated what was Austria-Hungary. The spread of these principles in Germany, while actively promoted by a small group of extreme Socialists, is being resisted by the great body of Social Democrats. So great, however, is the menace of Bolshevism in other countries, that men, like Mr. Taft, consider it necessary to stamp it out before the world can be made safe for democracy. The question is, how shall this be done? Bolshevism as it exists in Russia will, in the opinion of many, have to be put down by force. In our own country the true way of preventing its propaganda will be to remove all possible justification for the application of Bolshevik theories, by just and equitable laws. To this necessity, the best men of our country are fully alive, hence we need have no apprehension.

Of the other countries which have sprung from the former empire of Russia, little need be said. Finland has become a kingdom by electing a German prince as king. Since Germany's catastrophe, the question whether she still aspires to be ruled by one

of the class who have proved themselves so unfit, may be thought worthy of reconsideration. The change in government that has taken place, General Mannerheim having become premier, may already be an indication of a change of policy. Upon the evacuation by the Germans, Esthonia and Livonia and the Island of Oesel declared themselves one state. This example has been followed by Lithuania, which, by a vote of the National Council, declared itself a republic. Shortly before the abdication of the Kaiser, the nominally independent Poland was made really independent and has been evacuated by the German troops. The number of these troops on the eastern front is astonishingly large, being no less than five hundred thousand. There are military critics in Germany who are finding fault with the late government for not having concentrated all these forces on the western front. They think that thus the empire's disaster might have been averted. The Poles seem to have lost self-control and to have treated the troops, as they retreated through their country, with some degree of cruelty. Although such treatment had been provoked, it would have been more pleasing to the friends of Poland had they placed more restraint upon their feelings. Reports have reached this country that the people of Poland have acted harshly toward the Jews, also, even taking life. This has been denied by Poland's friends here. Our Government and that of Great Britain are taking steps to examine into the matter. Whatever may be the truth on this point, it is certain that the Poles in Galicia have entered into a conflict with the Ukrainians and that at Lemberg, the capital of the once Austrian province of Galicia, the Jews have suffered cruel treatment. In the Ukraine a party has been formed to effect reunion with Russia and to expel all Germans and pro-Germans from the country. It has been so far successful that the forces at its command defeated the governmental troops. The pro-German dictator at their head lost his life.

How the world has changed may be seen from the fact that Odessa has been occupied by French troops and Sebastopol cleared of Germans. The Black Sea Russian fleet has been turned over to the British and Allied fleets, which have entered the Black Sea after crossing through the Straits of the Dardanelles. On this occasion its forts were manned not by Turks but by British-Indian troops, and Constantinople was occupied by the French.

Germany.

The series of events which led to the fall of the Kaiser seems to have been somewhat as follows: When the military authorities saw that the German army was so decisively beaten that it could

no longer resist and that a military disaster was imminent, it was brought home to the Kaiser, chiefly through the action of the Social Democrats, headed by Philip Schiedemann, that his abdication was necessary to prevent a revolution. Instead, however, of abdicating at once, William II. sought to placate the forces ranged against him by accepting all the maxims of responsible government which he had hitherto most strenuously opposed. He declared himself the servant of the people and that his ministers should be no longer responsible to himself alone, but to the representatives of the people assembled in the Reichstag. This, however, was not satisfactory for everyone knew that what was received as his mere gift under duress, would be taken back when opportunity offered. A strike of all the workmen in Berlin was, therefore, called which would have produced most disastrous results. In view of this and to prevent it, the Kaiser abdicated, but not, as it appears, by any formal document signed and sealed. His formal abdication has been made since. It is confined to himself and does not involve any renunciation of his family's claims. The claims to which the Crown Prince fell heir have, on his part and on his alone, been formally renounced, but the door is still left open for other members of the Hohenzollern family to make pretensions to the Imperial Crown of Russia and to that of Germany, attached to it under the existing German constitution.

When the Kaiser had disappeared, the Chancellor for the time being, Prince Maximilian of Baden, became Regent and acting, presumably, according to what he considered the proper method for constituting a parliamentary government called upon a member of the largest party in the Reichstag to form a Cabinet. Herr Ebert was chosen for this task. He formed his government from the two groups of Social Democrats in the Assembly, and it assumed all executive powers—Prince Maximilian departed from the scene of action and he has not since reappeared. The first act of this new Cabinet was to confiscate all Prussian crown lands. A few days of considerable unrest followed and a state of siege was proclaimed, but matters calmed down. The National Liberals and Radicals decided to give their support to the Socialist Government that had been formed. The new Cabinet was strengthened by the accession of Herr Waldstein, Dr. Dernburg and Herr Mathias Erzberger, who are political moderates and of the *bourgeois* party. Whether the new Cabinet formed by Herr Ebert as Premier coalesced with that previously formed by him as Chancellor and comprising Conservatives, Centrists and Social Democrats, or whether they stood apart as distinct bodies is a point difficult to unravel. Certainly Dr. Solf continued to act as

Foreign Minister, and Herr Erzberger continued to perform official duties after the all-Socialist Cabinet had been made.

A proclamation offered amnesty to all those condemned for political offences, the labor insurances suspended during the War were restored, and an eight-hour day with guarantees against unemployment was promised. These measures were intended to have a tranquillizing effect upon the labor classes. This was most necessary, as the Executive Committee of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council was making an effort similar to that made in Russia to rival the established government. These efforts were fostered chiefly by Dr. Karl Liebknecht whose imprisonment seems to have turned his brain. The political and economic reforms he wished to effect were almost identical with those of the Bolsheviki of Russia, and were receiving much support, not only in Berlin but in other parts of Germany. On more than one occasion force had to be used and blood was shed. The Government made it clear that, however socialistic it might be, its Socialism was of a different type than that of Lenine and Trotzky. Efforts made by the latter to bring about unity of action between Russian and German Bolsheviki were frustrated by the Government. Although it cannot be said that there is no danger of Russian propaganda in Germany, the danger of such a propaganda there does not appear serious. The Germans are too sedate, too well-educated, to follow the example set by the Russian disciples of Marx.

Within the Cabinet itself the two factions, of the Majority and Minority Socialists, were not in perfect agreement. The question at issue between them was the time to be fixed for calling together the National Assembly, to make a new constitution for Germany. The Minority Socialists desired to postpone calling the Assembly, in order to effect by decree a series of reforms agreed upon by both factions. The Majority thought this should be left to the representatives of the people themselves to decide. They were in the right and seem to have carried their point, for two of the members of the Minority Socialists, it has been announced, have resigned. If the Majority Socialists prevail, the new National Assembly will meet early in February. It is to be elected by universal suffrage both of men and of women. The course of events seems to indicate the triumph of the more Moderate Socialists over the Extremists. In the first weeks of the Revolution this seemed unlikely, for almost everywhere in Germany Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils, similar to those formed in Russia, had sprung up. It looked as if the German Revolution, like much other German work, was to be an imitation of what other countries have

done. The present prospect is that the Moderate Socialists will be powerful enough to resist the Extremists as well as the Reactionaries, and that the new Germany will receive its formation and take its shape under their auspices. The instant disappearance of the Reichstag, although elected by universal suffrage, is one of the remarkable features of the developments which have taken place. It has taken no part in the changes which have been made—even less than did the Russian Duma. This may, perhaps, be taken as indicative of the feeling of the German people towards all who in any way supported the War.

Revolutionary proceedings in Prussia, as distinguished from the German Empire, are very obscure. The provinces of that kingdom on the west bank of the Rhine, with Cologne as its chief city, are said to have declared themselves a republic. According to another report, there is a secret but strong movement for annexation to France. Bavaria is in the hands of a Socialist committee of which Kurt Eisner is the principal member. The steps he has taken would seem to indicate a desire to separate from Prussia and to establish a southern German confederation of which Bavaria will be the head. He denies, however, any desire to disrupt Germany, only wishing to free it from the domination of Berlin. He would go so far as to make some other city of Germany the capital. He has made a declaration of principles for the future government of Bavaria, if he and his associates have their way. Among these principles is the release of education from the control of the clergy. An election is about to take place by means of which the opinion of the people of Bavaria will be ascertained, and the form of government under which they are to live decided. We know nothing about the other larger states of Germany except that Saxony has dethroned its king, as also has Wurtemberg, while the Grand Duke of Baden has resigned. Many districts bordering on Switzerland and the Grand Duchy have, it is said, signified their wish to be annexed to Switzerland. Of the smaller Duchies and Grand-Duchies of Germany, in so many of which revolutions have taken place, space does not permit a full account.

The armistice which terminated on the sixteenth of last month has been prolonged to the seventeenth of the present. One change has been made: the Allied forces are to occupy not merely the west bank of the Rhine, from Cologne to Holland, but the neutral zone on the east bank likewise, if they so wish. The armistice will be further prolonged until the signing of the preliminary Peace Treaty, if such is the wish of the Allies. All of Germany west of the Rhine is now in the possession of the British, American and French armies of occupation as are also the cities of Cologne,

Coblenz, Mayence, and the bridgeheads which project thirty kilometres to the east of those cities across the Rhine. Alsace-Lorraine has been restored to France, French troops having been received by the inhabitants with every sign of joy and jubilation on account of their release from the thralldom of forty-seven years.

The submarines, the pest of the seas, are now in British possession while that German fleet, which was to have been the Kaiser's instrument in obtaining world dominion, has given itself up to his arch-enemy, many of the warships not having fired a shot. To add to the disgrace it is now learned that when, in a last desperate effort, the navy was ordered to go out to meet its foe, the sailors by whom it was manned, refused to obey this order and mutinied. This, indeed, is looked upon by many as the real beginning of the revolution which has overthrown the Kaiser and the military caste so long in control of Prussia. No clearer indication, indeed, can be given of the utter ruin of that caste.

What once was Austria-Hungary is now divided into three republics—the Austro-German with its capital at Vienna, the Czecho-Slovak with its capital at Prague, and the Hungarian with its capital at Budapest, and one kingdom, that of Greater Serbia, with its capital at Belgrade, under the rule of the aged King Peter. Of the latter the Southern Slavs, comprising Croats, Slovenes and the Serbs dwelling in what was once Austria, form a part. These three republics and the kingdom just mentioned, over all the territories which formerly constituted the Dual Monarchy, with the exception of those districts which were once a part of Poland. These districts do not yet seem to be organized although of course, they are claimed by the new Independent Poland as a part of its territory, and have in fact been entered by Polish troops.

The Czecho-Slovak Republic is the only one which can be said to be settled. Elections are in progress in both the Austro-German and the Hungarian Republics to decide their future form of government. In the Austro-German Republic there is still question as to whether it shall remain a distinct state or form a part of the New Germany which is in the process of being organized. Some claim that not five per cent of the Austro-Germans wish to throw in their lot with the New Germany, while others say that the union between the two is almost an accomplished fact. This union, if effected, would strengthen the Germany which is to be, that it is possible the Allies may have something to say on the subject.

The Czecho-Slovak Republic seems to be definitely estab-

lished, with a president duly elected by a National Assembly and a regularly constituted government formed. Its first president is Professor Mazaryk. He has been a guest of this country for several months, and received the news of his election while at a banquet tendered to him in New York. The boundaries of the Republic are already matter of dispute and cause of conflict. Two-fifths of the population of Bohemia are Germans. The Czechs dwelling in the districts populated by Germans, have felt it necessary for their protection to send in Czech troops, and another Czech army has been sent to release the Slovaks who are looked upon as an integral part of the Czechs, from the subjection of Hungary. As a matter of fact the Hungarian Republic finds itself obliged to defend itself against invasion on three sides. On the north from the Czechs, as just mentioned, on the east from the Rumanians who have entered Transylvania for the purpose of effecting that union so long desired, and on the south from the Serbs who have crossed the Danube, with what particular object is not clear. A conflict also is going on in that part of Austria which once belonged to Poland, and in which there are both Poles and Ruthenians. The latter, in concert with the Ukrainians, took possession of Lemberg and were subsequently driven out by the Poles. Here there occurred that slaughter of the Jews which has been the occasion of much comment recently.

Nor is this the last of the conflicts arising out of the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Another, and perhaps a more serious one, is the clash between the Italians and the Jugoslavs. The latter accused the Italians of having taken possession of districts, especially in Dalmatia and Istria, which are almost completely Slav, and also of going beyond the limits described by the armistice. Riots have taken place in various parts, especially in Fiume, but no actual hostilities have broken out. As it had been thought that if these questions had been amicably settled some months ago by conferences held in London and Rome, the breaking out of these differences causes much disappointment to those friendly to both countries. There is, however, good hope that the Peace Conference will be able to settle all the differences that have arisen, but it will not be an easy task. Deplorable as this want of harmony may be, all who desire the well-being of the various peoples comprised in what was Austria-Hungary, feel that the breaking up of those dominions had become absolutely necessary. This conviction is the stronger since light has been thrown upon the methods of government practised by Austria-Hungary during the course of the late War. More than eleven thousand of Austro-Hungarian subjects were executed in order to keep them in sub-

jection, of these some two thousand five hundred were Czechs. To this must be added the large number who were thrown into prison and subjected to various other forms of punishment. It was time that this prison house should be broken open.

Portugal.

The recent assassination of Dr. Sidonio Paes has called attention to the affairs of Portugal of which so little has been heard since the War began. Not that there has been no political activity. There has been a great deal of that, but of so confused and unintelligible a kind that it is impossible for one outside to form any intelligent judgment of the questions involved. There were in Portugal as in Spain and in Italy, people who were for the German cause. These exercised a greater or less influence against the Allies. This did not prevent the Portuguese from sending the France a force of some eighty thousand men who fought alongside of the British and French, although they considerably hampered the efforts of the Government. It is not necessary here to mention all the changes that have taken place. They resulted, it may be said, in the late President's obtaining the presidency on December 9, 1917. This was the outcome of a revolution, which he led, to depose the government of Affonso Costa. During his presidency, Dr. Paes more actively supported the cause of the Allies than had the previous Government. This caused surprise to some, who thought he was more likely to favor the cause of Germany, on account of his antecedence. The leader of the Unionist group in the Portuguese Chamber of Deputies, Dr. Brito Camcho and Magalhaes Lima, leader of the Republican Party, have been arrested, in connection with the assassination of Dr. Paes. Indignation on account of the crime is felt throughout the whole country. Public authorities suspect it to have been planned by the League of Republican Youth.

December 17, 1918.

With Our Readers.

THE desire and expression of greater, fuller life is as necessary and as natural to the individual as is life itself. We grow, both physically and morally. Such growth is of necessity also bound to result in selfishness, even though the selfishness be unconscious, unless controlled and circumscribed by a power, a motive outside the individual—whether that individual be a single person or a nation. We say a power outside, beyond and independent of the individual and of the group, outside of the nation and of all nations united: outside, beyond and independent of humanity itself. All men will admit the principle as a necessary condition for saving humanity from selfishness and consequent disaster. But many have sought the power that will safeguard the principle, and the wisdom that will direct its application within the confines of humanity and of human experience.

* * * * *

IT is well for us to think seriously and long upon the question, because by its solution is shaped the future of men and of nations. If that solution is to be found within humanity itself, then humanity and human experience is all-sufficient unto itself. It does not need and it does not know God. It is driven back for principles of conduct to what are called scientific ethics and sociological ethics. It would demand but little argument to show that both are not ethics: that both are sterile of ethics: that both are but inconclusive debates and arguments equally without sanction and without definiteness. But omitting such argument, our point is that many maintain such systems to be sufficient guidance for human conduct, both individual and national, and seek therein the light that will guide humanity to progress and to the fulfillment of its best ideals.

In such exposition and defence we are facing atheism, the denial of God's existence: of God's right to be consulted in the shaping of human conduct and human policy: of our dependence on and our personal responsibility to God.

* * * * *

TO throw humankind back upon itself, is to plunge it into hopeless darkness so far as the higher and fuller development of its life is concerned. To make humanity its own god, is to make selfishness the law of its life—for the life of God is the perfect expression of Himself. It avails nothing to tell the individual human being that selfishness is wrong because you must look to

the group rather than to oneself: unless there is some living Power to which all of the group, as well as himself, are equally responsible. Altruism is an insubstantial seeming unless it bespeak the Living God. Without belief in God the individual will interpret that to be the common good which is his own particular good and not because it is the common good. The echoes of God in the universe are hollow, unless we believe in the Living Voice that gives them forth.

* * * * *

NO secure or hopeful light for the reconstruction of the nations and the peace of the world can be found unless it is born of the truth of the existence of God and of our personal responsibility to Him. Upon that truth rests everything necessary for progress, order and peace. Without it family life; respect for one another; the dignity of marriage; respect for the law and the continuance of government are impossible. Without it will grow the suicidal principle that the right of government springs solely from the people: that government and law have no divine sanction which requires us to respect both: that God does not sanction and demand obedience to a people's choice. Without it representative government will disappear from the world, for representative government carries with it the postulate that all must obey the appointed ruler because he is placed by a people's rational choice as the interpreter and the executor of law—*and his authority comes from God*. That the people have a right to select their ruler: that they have a right, in given cases, to change him, that he should execute their will as legally expressed, does not mean that his right to rule begins and ends with the people. As well might we say that because the people change a law they also have changed the nature and obligation of law. Once a measure is enacted into law it possesses an authority that is independent of, that is above, the people. It commands the respect and obedience of all the people. All political parties, all political thinkers admit this, for they wish to have enacted into law those measures that they would like to see supreme. They recognize that law has of itself a power above and beyond humanity, that we are all in common bound to respect and obey it, because it bespeaks the voice of One Who will see to it that Justice is done and Who demands of every one of us obedience to His justice and to His law.

Government founded upon any other principle is futile: or it would be more accurate to say that government without such a principle is impossible. Unless law carries with it such a sanction, law is meaningless. And all who, because of the faults of rulers, would empty all rule of any and every divine

content, are but courting a worse disaster than any autocrat ever brought upon his country, and preaching a gospel which, though claiming to champion the people, really champions the loss of all stable and enduring popular rights. From the autocracy which has proved unworthy, they would hurl the world into the chaos that will prove hopeless.

* * * *

THE wider we extend human relationships, the more evident and necessary becomes the belief in the Power to Whom all human relations are subject. Strong must be the belief in such an overruling Power and our obligation thereto, when family relations are widened to national relations; stronger when national relations are stretched to international; and strongest of all when nations themselves seek to be not only inter-related but united in one common purpose, with one common international aim. A union of nations such as we have witnessed in this War, when an immediate paramount purpose is common to all, is possible—as the facts have shown. Victory over a common enemy was the common necessity and the common good of all because it was also the particular necessity and the particular good for each one of them. A union of nations such as this will endure to the making of peace. But the peace to be made, and its worth to the world, will depend upon the union, that is to be, of all nations. On its face such a union will demand fidelity, even at the cost of personal and national sacrifice, to a purpose greater and higher than any interest peculiar and special to the component nations—a purpose of principle and justice transcending purely national interest and welfare. Not, however, exclusive of national welfare and principles: but bringing into subjection in times of crisis and conflict the lower appetites of national selfishness and national greed. Unless there be such subordination the endurance of the union is impossible.

* * * *

FIDELITY to such a purpose will constitute a veritable life that is beyond the national life: that extends and deepens that life and makes us all integral parts of the family of nations. Such a life is the sole root of unity. A mere union of nations, unless it resolve itself into a unity of spiritual life, cannot suffice. When the reasons for the union have spent themselves, the union will disappear: but if there be unity in fidelity and faith to standards of justice, of honor, of fair and equitable dealing, of mutual toleration and concession, esteemed higher than national welfare, or rather the essential basis of true national honor and well-being, then the union or league of nations will endure.

But no such unity will be possible unless the nations consecrate themselves to a faith in spiritual things that bespeak, in turn, a belief in God as the administrator of justice and the supreme Ruler of nations.

It is worth while noticing that even those who profess no belief in a personal God, yet believe in a league of nations, are compelled to use the language of religion and dogmatic faith in speaking of that League. If one asks, in answer to their plea, why he should put such faith in men and accept the uncertainty of this League, he is told to make a bold "act of political faith." We do not say that such writers positively exclude belief in God and in the eternal principles of right and wrong, but we do say that they do not explicitly state them as absolute essentials for the creation and endurance of such a League. According to their expressions the League may exist without, independent of, belief in God: that such belief may help those who are religious, but that those who are not, may fare just as well without it. It is this indifference that gives an index of hopelessness to their writing. They endeavor to lift humanity to heights beyond humanity's own power, the attainment of which by humanity unaided has, historically, never been achieved; the attainment of which historically, even with all the aids of divine faith and divine inspiration, is known to be most difficult.

* * * * *

IT is impossible to discuss of the League of Nations without using the terms of speech born of religious faith and indicative of its dogmatic truths. Thus we hear of "the eternal principles of right and wrong:" "the war of redemption:" "a lasting peace of justice and right which shall justify the sacrifices of this War:" "sacrifices that are the final processes of emancipation" and "the consciences of freemen."

The very use of these phrases indicates at least the universal desire on the part of mankind for the religious sanction which is the only sure and enduring sanction. Faith in a League of Nations bespeaks faith in ideals that transcend humanity and that, in turn, bespeak at least the hunger for, the approach to faith in God Who alone will reward those who are faithful to such ideals: Who alone knows the consciences of men: Who alone can adjust the scales of justice—too difficult and too delicate a task for any and for all human power: Who alone will preserve, as He has begotten, the spiritual truths that must inspire and sustain such a union. As Cardinal Bourne declared in his Thanksgiving Day sermon—"You (the United States) heard the cry of justice, the call of righteousness, the claim of the brother-

hood of mankind—in other words, the voice of God Himself from Whom all these motives spring—and you have given yourself without stint and without hesitation to the common cause.”

* * * *

THE suffering and the loss which the nations have endured have taught us to estimate more highly the blessing of peace. That peace should endure, that every step be taken to prosper its reign, is the earnest prayer of every lover of Christ the Prince of Peace. Human ideals are not worked perfectly.

No human hand could ever trace a faultless line:
Our truest steps are human still,
To walk unswerving more divine.

Even through error and insufficiency does God mercifully guide the plans of men. Human wisdom or the lack of it might lead them astray. The wisdom of God preserves them in ways that are the secret of His own infinite love.

That the League of Nations may with equity and justice be established and that it may insure for the future the peace of the world is devoutly to be wished. Its very formation will multiply the evidences of its need. And those evidences will promote that unity which alone can give it continued life. Religion alone can be its ultimate security. And as we desire it, so shall we the more desire its security—belief in God: belief in God's definite revelation to man through His Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and like Simeon faithfully keep this truth in evidence before men.

* * * *

AND because religion plays this essential and enduring rôle, we have felt, as we wrote in the preceding issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, that the Peace Conference falls short and the plans for a League of Nations is insufficient because our Holy Father the Pope has not been asked to sit with the one, nor consulted, as far as we know, with regard to the other. Christian history has never been written without him: and if the history now to be written will have permanent value, it must be Christian.

IT is peculiarly appropriate that at this time a special octave of prayer is asked of us, and is enriched by special indulgences through the favor of our Holy Father, Benedict XV. This is the octave of the Feast of St. Peter's Chair, extending from January 18th to the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul.

THE Peace Conference now sitting at Versailles will leave its mission unfulfilled unless it sees to it in no uncertain way that long-delayed justice be done to Ireland. Whatever difficulties the

execution of justice may entail, does not remove the responsibility. It is not too much to say that the peace of the world depends in great measure upon the settlement of the Irish question. We reprint here the forceful appeal made to President Wilson before his departure to Europe, by the Rector and Faculties of the Catholic University:

"Your Excellency:

"You are about to depart for Europe, to be at the Peace Conference what you were during the trying days of war, the spokesman and the interpreter of the lovers of liberty in every land. The burden now rests upon you of giving practical application to the principles of justice and fair dealing among nations which, as expounded in your many noble utterances, have made our country more than ever in its history the symbol of hope to all oppressed nations. Wherefore, we, the Rector and Faculties of the Catholic University of America, take this opportunity to address you and to ask respectfully that in this historic gathering you be the spokesman for the immemorial national rights of Ireland. Your influence will certainly go far toward a final acknowledgment of the rightful claims of Ireland to that place among the nations of the earth from which she has so long and so unjustly been excluded. We are convinced that any settlement of the great political issues now involved which does not satisfy the national claims of Ireland will not be conducive to a secure and lasting peace. You have said, 'No peace can last, or ought to last, which does not recognize and accept the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed.' Disregard of the rights of small nations has aroused a spirit of righteous indignation which can never be appeased as long as any nation holds another in subjection. Subjection and Democracy are incompatible. In the new order, 'national aspirations must be respected; peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent. "Self-determination" is not a mere phrase.'

"In keeping with these words of truth, we hold that the right of Ireland to 'self-determination' is immeasurably stronger than that of any nation for which you have become the advocate. Moreover, Ireland's claims are a hundredfold reinforced by her centuries of brave, though unavailing, struggle against foreign domination, tyranny and autocracy. The manner in which the national rights of Ireland will be handled at the Peace Conference is a matter of deep concern to many millions of people throughout the world, and it is no exaggeration to say that the purpose of the United States in entering the War, namely, to secure a world-

wide and lasting peace, will surely be nullified if a large and influential body of protest remains everywhere as a potent source of national friction and animosity.

"That such unhappy feelings may not remain to hinder and embitter the work of the world's political, social and economic reconstruction, we ask you to use your great influence at the Peace Conference to the end that the people of Ireland be permitted to determine for themselves through a free and fair plebiscite the form of government under which they wish to live.

"With most cordial sentiments of respect and esteem, I remain,

"Very sincerely yours,

"THOMAS J. SHAHAN,

"Rector of the Catholic University of America."

* * * * *

AT a meeting held in Madison Square Garden, New York, to ask President Wilson's intervention on behalf of Ireland, Cardinal O'Connell said:

"The doom of autocracy has already sounded. The silent millions of Russia, patient for centuries, have rushed madly into the vortex of revolution. Even in Germany, which seemed so content with itself, a new force is pushing out the older forms.

"Obviously, therefore, we are at the end of a period, and a new one is beginning. Is it strange that when Poland and Serbia and the Czechs and the Slovaks and the Serbs and the Ukrainians are clamoring for national rights and national recognition that Ireland, for full seven centuries dominated by a foreign rule acquired only by force and even today exercised by force, should now more than ever call upon the world, but most of all upon America, as the bountiful mother of true freedom, to help her regain the treasure stolen from her, and reinstate her in full possession of her complete liberty? . . . Ireland's position as a Nation is nothing new which the War has just succeeded in creating.

"But ever and always every method she adopted, every leader, who spoke her cause, every victory won, every defeat suffered, every weapon used, every strategy designed, ever and ever the same ultimate purpose is clearly visible, and that purpose is the vindication of Ireland's right to government only by consent of the governed. . . . That is the principle which ultimately won America's freedom; and it is because America understands that principle that Ireland today relies upon America to echo it throughout the world for Ireland's liberty.

"Ireland is the oldest nation and the longest sufferer. If these principles are not applied in her case, no matter what else

may be done there will be no complete justice, no genuinesincerity believable, and the war, not bringing justice, will not bring peace."

WE have on two previous occasions called the attention of our readers to the estimates of Gibbon, the author of *The Decline and Fall*, contributed at irregular intervals by Hilaire Belloc to the Irish monthly, *Studies*.

In the September issue, Belloc resumes, treating this time particularly of Gibbon's discussion of the "Donation of Constantine" and the temporal power. Hatred on the part of an historian for the person or the institution which he treats need not prevent him from writing true history. But Gibbon did, as a matter of fact, allow his hatred of the Catholic Church to spoil him as an historian. Belloc considers the twentieth division of Gibbon's forty-ninth chapter: divides it into eight distinct statements and proceeds to show the falsity of every one of them.

* * * *

"IF it be asked why each falsehood was set down," Belloc concludes; "in other words, if we are asked to follow Gibbon's motive in telling these falsehoods—some of which are so lamentably perpetuated even in Catholic scholarship to this day—the answer is easy enough to give.

"Once call the Donation a forgery, instead of what it was, a legend, and you have an accusation against somebody. That criminal somebody must be, of course, for Gibbon, some one of the clergy; and specifically the Pope. It is necessary to say that the document, as we have it, was earlier than the year 800, because it was necessary for Gibbon to drag in Adrian the First and his negotiation with Charlemagne in 778. Therefore, the statement that the document was earlier than 800 is given without proof—for of proof there is none. Gibbon had to call the Donation the support or pillar of the temporal power (which it was not and could not have been, seeing the way in which the temporal power arose centuries before the Donation was ever used) in order to cast odium upon that political institution. Having fraudulently dragged in Adrian the First, as quoting the document (though he never quoted it), Gibbon can easily take the next step of inventing entirely out of his own head the idea that the document furnished a plea of moderation in the Pope's supposedly extravagant demands.

"As for Laurentius Valla, he is chosen for special commendation because he was specially scurrilous in his attack upon a particular Pope.

"may be told that in all this indictment of mine against Gibbo I do not sufficiently allow for things which Gibbon did not know . . . Gibbon may, in a word, have been ignorant of the essentials of his subject. Perhaps he was. But that is a poor excuse for an historian; and in certain specific points, notably the matter of dates and the allusion to Adrian, you have obviously to deal with something worse in an historian even than ignorance."

THE German plan that was to crown their drive of last spring and summer with success, was first to capture Rheims; secondly, to cut off Paris from the armies of the East, thirdly, to march on Paris by the valleys of the Marne and the Seine. Their success depended on breaking through the lines held by General Gouraud. We know they did not break through: we know the assault was turned back, the Germans smashed and the road opened for the Allies' victory. To meet the great assault General Gouraud "camouflaged his first line." A few brave volunteers were left there, but the great body of his troops were withdrawn to a line further back. The hurricane of German shells fell upon practically empty trenches. Then, as the German troops swept forward, they were caught in front and flank by artillery and machine guns and cut to pieces. Gouraud broke the left wing of the German armies.

THE strong Catholic faith of this brave defender of Rheims is well brought out by Charles Baussan in an article in the September *Studies*. Wounded in the attack at the Dardanelles, Gouraud was carried on board the *Tchad*. He at once gave orders to have an altar erected on board: assisted at Mass and communicated. Later he made his first attempt to walk in order to receive Holy Communion in the hospital to which he had been sent. "He is a Christian knight, in the fullest sense of the word. He has the generosity, the loyalty, the sincerity, the deep faith of a true knight. He is a fervent Catholic in public as in private life. We have seen him carry the *Imitation of Christ* to the Sudan. At the Georges Bizet hospital he used to recite the Angelus and make the morning meditation with the nuns. He took the greatest delight in listening to their hymns, and has not forgotten them. In his sick room he had an altar in honor of Jeanne d'Arc, which the great officials of the State—the President, the Prime Minister, and others—could not fail to notice on the occasion of their visits."

HE is the same at the front. A chaplain writes in the *Bulletin paroissial de Brigueil*: "At Clermont-en-Argonne I went, at the request of the Mother Superior of the hospital, to inform Gen-

eral Gouraud that, on the following day, Sunday, there would be a military Mass at 10 A.M. in the hospital and other Masses at an earlier hour. The General was engaged with his Staff. He thanked me, and turning to his secretary, said: 'Put it in orders that there will be Masses tomorrow from 6 to 10 A.M. and a military Mass at 10 A.M.' The following day he himself assisted piously at the Mass said for our armies.

"General Gouraud does not conceal his faith. At Paris, in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, near the altar, on the Gospel side, plainly visible to the kneeling faithful, is this *ex-voto* in white:

"'A Notre Dame Des Victories, En Reconnaissance Du 30 Juin, 1915.—GÉNÉRAL GOURAUD.'"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Lovers of Louisiana. By G. W. Cable. \$1.50 net. *Simple Souls.* By J. H. Turner. \$1.35 net. *The Great Adventure.* By T. Roosevelt. \$1.00 net. *Thomas Jefferson.* By D. S. Muzzey, Ph.D. \$1.50 net. *Soldier Silhouettes on Our Front.* By W. L. Stidger. \$1.25 net. *Jefferson Davis.* By A. C. Gordon. \$1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

In the Heart of a Fool. By William A. White. \$1.60. *The Red One* By J. London. \$1.40. *Appled Eugenic.* By P. Popenoe. \$2.10. *Skipper John of the Nimbus.* By R. McFarland. \$1.50. *Contemporary Composers.* By D. G. Mason. \$2.00.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

Where Your Heart Is. By S. Harraden. \$1.50. *The Sacred Beetle, and Others.* By J. H. Fabre. \$1.60. *America in France.* By F. Palmer. \$1.75. *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century.* By W. L. Phelps. \$1.50. *The Heart of Alsace.* By B. Vallotton. \$1.50. *Psychical Phenomena and the War.* By H. Carrington. \$2.00 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

The Seven Purposes. By M. Cameron. \$2.00 net. *Doctor Danny.* By R. Sawyer. \$1.35 net. *Four Years in the Frozen North.* By D. B. MacMillan, F.R.G.S. \$4.00 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:

The Silent Legion. By J. E. Buckrose. \$1.50 net. *The Soul of Susan Yellam.* By H. A. Vachell. \$1.50 net. *Colette Bandoche.* By M. Barrès. \$1.50 net. *The Sad Years.* By D. Sigerson. \$1.25 net. *Dynamic Psychology.* By R. S. Woodworth, Ph.D. \$1.50 net. *The League of Nations.* By Viscount Grey. Pamphlet. *Walking-Stick Papers.* By R. C. Holliday. \$1.50 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

The Destinies of the Stars. By S. Arrhenius. \$1.50 net. *The Dawn of the French Renaissance.* By A. Tilly, M.A.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:

We Others. Translated from the French of H. Barbusse by F. Wray. \$1.50 net. *Girls' Clubs.* By H. J. Ferris. \$2.00 net. *The Life of St. Francis Xavier.* By E. A. Stewart. \$6.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Priestly Vocation. By Right Rev. B. Ward. \$1.75 net. *Christianity and Immortality.* By V. F. Ston. \$2.50 net. *Pastor Haloft.* \$1.50 net. *The Citizen and the Republic.* By J. A. Woodburn and T. F. Moran. \$1.50.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, New York:

The Eyes of Asia. By R. Kipling. \$1.00 net. *Everyman's Land.* By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. \$1.40 net. *Josselyn's Wife.* By K. Norris. \$1.40 net. *The Magnificent Ambersons.* By B. Tarkington. \$1.40 net.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

Psychic Tendencies of Today. By A. W. Martin, A.M. \$1.50 net. *Mexico, from Cortez to Carranza.* By L. S. Hasbrouck. \$1.50 net. *The United States in the World War.* By J. B. McMaster. \$3.00 net.

THE CENTURY CO., New York:

Three Sides of Paradise Green. By A. H. Seaman. \$1.35. *Melissa-Across-the-Fence.* By A. H. Seaman. \$1.00.

- MASSADEA PUBLISHING Co., New York:
The Law of Struggle. By Hyman Segal.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The League of Nations in History. By Professor A. F. Pollard.
- ALLYN & BACON, New York:
An Inland Voyage and Travels with a Donkey. By R. L. Stevenson. Sans Famille. By H. Malot. *Spoken Spanish.* By E. J. Broomhall.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Outline Meditations. By Madame Cecilia. \$1.50 net.
- B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:
The Ghetto, and Other Poems. By Lola Ridge. \$1.25.
- FLEMING H. REVELL Co., New York:
Foch the Man. By C. E. Laughlin. \$1.00 net. *Old Truths and New Facts.* By C. E. Jefferson, D.D. \$1.25 net.
- ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & Co., New York:
Behind the Wheel of a War Ambulance. By R. W. Imbrie. \$1.50 net. Postage extra.
- THE RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, New York:
The Soviets at Work. By Nikolain Lenin. Pamphlet.
- IMMIGRATION PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York:
War's End. By J. F. Carr. Pamphlet.
- FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN, New York:
Essays in the Study of Science Painting. By B. Berenson.
- BRENTANO'S, New York:
Cities and Sea-coasts and Islands. By A. Symons. \$3.00 net.
- BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:
What is the German Nation Dying For? By K. L. Krause. \$1.50 net.
- JAMES I. WHITE & Co., New York:
Love Off to the War, and Other Poems. By Thomas C. Clark. \$1.25 net.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
God and Myself. By M. J. Scott, S.J. \$1.00 net.
- HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
Nights in London. By Thomas Burke. \$1.50 net.
- COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Studies in the History of Ideas. Edited by the Department of Philosophy.
- INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn:
Christmas Stories. By Teresa Brayton. Pamphlet. 5 cents.
- THE BOSTON BOOK Co., Boston:
Roman Law. By C. P. Sherman, D.C.L. Three volumes. \$13.00 per set.
- THE CORNHILL Co., Boston:
The Natural Incentive. By E. W. Qualfe. \$1.25. *The Message of the Trees.* By M. C. Hare. \$2.50.
- GINN & Co., Boston:
Essentials of American History. By T. B. Lawler. \$1.12.
- THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:
The Essential Mysticism. By S. Cobb. \$1.25 net.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Our Admirable Betty. By J. Farnol. \$1.60 net.
- MARSHALL JONES Co., Boston:
The Truth About the Jameson Raid. By J. H. Hammond. \$1.00.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
The Doctor in War. By W. Hutchinson. \$2.50 net.
- YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven, Conn.:
The History of Legislative Methods in the Period Before 1825. By R. V. Harlow, Ph.D. \$2.25 net. *The Chronicles of America.* Edited by Allen Johnson. Ten volumes. \$3.50 volume net. 50 volumes to be issued.
- AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, Washington, D. C.
Connecticut in Transition, 1775-1818. By R. J. Purcell, Ph.D.
- THE LITHUANIAN NATIONAL COUNCIL, Washington, D.C.:
Lithuania. Pamphlet.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Virgin Islands. By T. de Booy and J. T. Faris. \$3.00 net. *The Business of the Household.* By C. W. Faber. *Gulliver's Travels.* By Dr. J. Swift. \$1.35 net. *The American Boys' Engineering Book.* By A. R. Bond. \$2.00 net. *General Crook and the Fighting Apaches.* By E. L. Sabin. \$1.25 net. *The Waterboys and Their Cousins.* By C. D. Lewis. 75 cents net.
- PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton:
Wasp Studies Afield. By Phil Rau and Nellie Rau. \$2.00 net.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
A Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law. By Rev. C. Augustine, O.S.B., Ph.D. \$2.50 net.
- OPEN COURT PUBLISHING Co., Chicago:
Essays in Scientific Synthesis. By Eugenio Rignano.
- UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, Cal.:
The Profits of Religion. By Upton Sinclair.

